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# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—No. 1.

HUMAN suffering, when experienced in only a few individual cases, naturally awakens a large amount of sympathy in the breast of every English man or woman: but when we behold thousands, and even hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures writhing under the direst affliction, words lose all power to express the feeling with which the sad, the appalling spectacle inspires us. Even if these fellow-creatures of our's were the inhabitants of some far-off region,—if they were of savage race or barbaric nature,—if heathenism appeared to establish some semblance of a barrier between themselves and our Christian notions,—and if thousands of miles of ocean intervened to keep the picture from our eyes, permitting only the fact of its existence to be brought by report to our knowledge,—we should still experience a vast amount of commiseration for the sufferers, and should do our best to alleviate their miseries. How much stronger, then, becomes the case, when we find that the sufferers are our own fellow-countrymen and their families!—how much more painfully vivid become all the colourings of the picture when it is displayed before our very eyes! To every kindly disposed person

the thought of all that dire distress is harrowing to a degree; and every compassionate soul must yearn for the means of aiding in its relief. Nowhere can the intensity of the sufferings now endured in Lancashire and Cheshire be for an instant doubted. To attempt to throw suspicion on the truthfulness of the sad narrative, would be but a mere infamous subterfuge for avoiding the contribution of benevolence. But, even while the public sympathy is so generally excited on behalf of the sufferers, and while the tale of woe coming from the afflicted districts is being mournfully repeated from lip to lip throughout the length and breadth of the land,—aye, and even across the seas, to the remotest shores of our colonies and of foreign climes,—it may not be without its uses to bring some special features of all that vast aggregate of misery before the public notice. The picture, as a whole, is fearfully present to the view of the nation and the world: but some of its details require specially to be drawn forth for contemplation. This portion of the study must necessarily prove as painful as it is minute. It will, however, serve to show that not one tittle of the distress of our fellow-countrymen and their families has been exaggerated—but that, on the contrary, many harrowing features of the case have been comparatively lost sight of.



THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—THE HOME OF A FAMILY OF DISTRESSED OPERATIVES



## Notes of the Week.

In a word, we feel it to be a duty which as faithful journalists we owe to the public, to put our readers in possession of all the facts which in any way pertain to the present state of distress in the manufacturing districts. It is not sufficient for those readers to know that want of money and food prevail, or that the common necessities of life are now only insured to hundreds of thousands of persons by the outpourings of benevolence; but it becomes important to examine the condition of the sufferers from every point of view,—to look into their dwellings to ascertain how they are protected against the cold of winter, and what is more, to learn whether any steps have been taken to guarantee these dwellings against the invasion of disease. For need we remind our readers that *Famine* is in the land—or that on the heels of the gaunt fiend closely follows the fell destroyer, *Pestilence*!

It is this inquiry which we now propose to make: it is this investigation on which we are about to enter. The instant we came to the resolution to take up a matter which every other journal has more or less neglected, we deputed competent persons to the distressed districts to procure the requisite information. A Writer of considerable graphic power, and an Artist of undisputed merit, were *specie* engaged by us to perform the duties alluded to. They are now in the midst of those scenes which ought to be fully and faithfully depicted to the gaze of the world. And that the result will be to excite mingled feelings of astonishment, indignation, and pity in the minds of all philanthropic persons, we have no doubt. The neglect which successive Governments as well as local authorities have displayed in reference to the sanitary condition of the working classes, will now become fearfully apparent; and humanity will shudder at the pictures of the dens, hovels, cellars, and dark nooks in which thousands and thousands of families are compelled to drag out a squalid, dull, and miserable existence. To those wretched interiors we shall now introduce our readers, by the aid of our special commissioners to the manufacturing districts; and we shall show whether there be not indeed too much ground to apprehend lest the pale spectre *Pestilence* should be followed at no great distance by the more terrible demon *Pestilence*. The former is now circling, lean and sharp, around thousands of families in the North—the latter is peeping to open and spread over them its huge and bat-like wings.

Let us commence our task by saying a few words relative to the life of the working classes and poorer orders in Manchester. And, first of all, in respect to *cellar dwellings*, the evil is even greater than our special commissioners expected to find it. Certain provisions of a sanitary character were introduced in the Manchester New Street Act in the year 1853. No cellar dwellings since the passing of that Act can, under any circumstances, be legally occupied as a separate dwelling; but, instead of specific conditions as relating to existing cellar dwellings being imposed, as in the Public Health Act, a discretion is invested in the council, who are authorized to prohibit the use, as a separate dwelling, of any cellar which *shall in the opinion of the council be unfit for such habitation*. Notwithstanding this a Sanitary Committee has reported that the number of inhabited cellar dwellings in 1854 was 4,613; and the cellars then inhabited contained a population of 16,400; while the number on the 30th of September, 1869, was 4,467, and contained a population at that time of no less than 17,478 persons. This shows that, in six years, the number of the cellars, notwithstanding their known unwholesomeness, had only decreased to the extent of 146; and that, although the number of cellars was less, the population in them had increased by upwards of 1,000 persons. Such a report as this is very unsatisfactory; but it was found that from November, 1854, to the end of January, 1860, 1,462 of these wretched dwellings had been inspected by sub-committees, of which number 311 were ordered to be closed, and 1,121 to be altered so as to make them comply with the regulations in force. 282 cellars were closed by order of the Committee, and 46 by owners in preference to making the alterations required in case of their continued occupation as dwellings being permitted.

It would seem to many persons scarcely necessary in these days to repeat the assertion that cellar dwellings are most injurious to those who live in them, and that the continuance of their use is a cause of part of the excessive death-rate of Manchester. Thousands, however, still occupy them, and the statement must be made many times before it will be listened to.

Let us look at a few of these underground homes somewhat in detail. We will first take Hardman-street, a thoroughfare of tolerable width, which leads from Deansgate. At a corner of this street, below a chemist's shop, which shows a handsome front towards Deansgate, is a green-grocer's shop, the chief part of the business of which is managed in a subterranean apartment; but here besides the arrangements for the sale of goods, provision has to be made for the necessities of a family. A little further on in this street some of the cellars are occupied by shoemakers or repairers, and others by persons of different occupations; and in these wretched places, far below the surface, both business and family matters are managed. In most instances there is only one opening, and this serves for the purpose of both door and window. Under the best circumstances, with every attention to drainage and ventilation, it is not well welcome to live and sleep below the surface of the ground; but in these places, except in some rare cases, there is no possibility of ventilating at the back, and the only chance of obtaining any current of air is by means of the fire-place when the door is open. But even in the day-time, when the door is open, the back part of the cellar is left without any current of air; and at night, when the door is closed, these ill-planned homes are little better, in a sanitary point of view, than burial vaults, and yet in such situations it is permitted that children shall be born, and that, struggling for life, they, as well as persons of more mature years, shall be left to die before their time. Besides the usual bad atmosphere, an additional degree of impurity is caused, at times, by impure drainage; and, to make matters worse, there is no closet accommodation except that which is common to a number of houses at a distance in the adjoining courts! In this street the tenants of the cellars pay 5s. a week for each of their caves, while in more important thoroughfares such places let for as much as 7s. a week. In other parts, in the cellars are lodged poverty and distress. There is, we believe, a powerful interest as regards this kind of property, which influences the Manchester Corporation; in fact, we are told that the corporation itself has a right in some of these dwellings, which has partly been the cause of the continued existence of this dangerous blenheim.

We have looked into the dwellings of the poorer classes not only in the centre of Manchester, but in the suburbs. We have seen Angel-meadow, off the Rochdale-road, Swan-street, Oldham-road, Ancoats-lane, Canal-street, on the Ashton-road. These are some of the worst, and for the most part are occupied by a mixed population of Irish and others. Generally, however, there is not to be met with that terrible result of neglect and thorough recklessness which is to be found in certain districts of the metropolis. The houses are mostly small, and except as regards the narrow back alleys there is ample space, and attention seems to have been paid to lime-washing. But go where you may, in old houses and new, in nine cases out of ten, the objectionable plan is to be found in use of retaining for a varied space of time the closet soil in the midst of the living. At this time, when fever and sickness are threatening the families of the ill-fed workmen, the greatest vigilance should be used in most effectually performing this duty; for it must be borne in mind that under the present unfortunate circumstances, men, women, and children, are more likely to be affected by sanitary derangement than they are when well fed and clad.

The illustrations in our front page represent scenes from real life, taken at Manchester, where the suspension of the cotton manufacture has reduced many thousands of operatives to the direst extremity.

On Saturday, between eight and nine a.m., a frightful accident happened at Mr. Goring's, Deptford-road, which may terminate fatally to Miss Sarah Anne Goring, aged sixteen years. The inmates were alarmed by hearing loud shrieks issuing from the parlour, and on the servant entering she found her lying on the ground in flames, rolling about with frantic efforts to wrap the carpet about her. The fire was extinguished, and the poor girl was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, but so extensive were the burns that in taking off her clothes the flesh came off with them. The misfortune was caused by a lighted candle having been left on the ground by the servant, who had just lit the fire.

On Saturday the coroner held an inquest on the body of Ann Read, who was so brutally murdered by her husband, in Lower Myrtle-street, Liverpool. One witness swore to having seen the husband of the deceased pull her violently about the kitchen by the hair of the head, while another deposed to seeing him with a knife in his hand, and which he dropped through a grating. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against Read," who will then have eluded the vigilance of the police.

At the Liverpool assizes on Saturday, Patrick Cain was charged with causing the death of Mr. Henry Russell, of the Swan Inn, Kirham, on the night of the 28th of September. On the evening of the day in question it appeared that the prisoner and some of his friends were forcibly ejected from the house of Russell for causing a disturbance; ultimately, one of the party, named Garvey, was taken into custody by the police. This fact so greatly enraged the prisoner, that, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he armed himself with a poker, uttering violent threats against the police and law-officers. At this time Russell, being attracted by a noise created by the prisoner, unfortunately opened one of his windows and looked out. The prisoner at this juncture threw the poker at him, and so surely and so swiftly was it thrown that it entered one of the eyes of Russell, and penetrated the skull. Strange to say, in spite of this fearful blow, Russell lived two hours. Cain was found "Guilty," but the judge deferred passing sentence.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. H. Baffles, of the deputy coroner, resumed the adjourned inquiry at the meeting in Tavern, Cannon-street, St. George's-in-the-East, respecting the death of Margaret Jackson, aged fifteen months, who died from starvation and neglect in the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East. The jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Margaret Jackson for causing the death of her off-spring." The prisoner was then fully committed for trial at the ensuing assizes of the Central Criminal Court Old Bailey.

PROVOST BUCKLE, of Wick, has received a complimentary letter from Garibaldi in acknowledgment of the sympathy towards him at the recent public meeting there. Writing from Pisa, Nov. 5, 1862, he says:—"No people, perhaps, has fought more gallantly than the Scotch for their independence. None has more distinctly sacrificed its own autonomy to the desire of forming a powerful nation. You are to the world a splendid example of bravery, industrious habits, and love of civil and religious reform."

PATRICK HOWARD, ten, was arraigned at Manchester on Monday, on an indictment charging him with killing John Welch, a schoolfellow of his, and of nearly the same age. It appeared that the prisoner and the deceased had been a quarrelsome pair since the latter, on the 10th of October, said that he would make the latter feel when they got out of school. Accordingly, when the school was dismissed, and the boys had gained the street, the prisoner took up a stone and threw it at Welch, who was struck on the temples, the blow producing a fracture of the skull, which in the course of time induced an abscess on the brain, from which he died. The stone was thrown in October, and death ensued in November. The principal witness for the prosecution was a schoolfellow, not more than nine or ten years of age, who had to give his evidence from the judge's platform. His lordship summed up, and the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty." The learned judge, in addressing the prisoner, warned him against the evil practice of throwing stones. He was then sentenced to five days' imprisonment, from the commencement of the assizes. That time having elapsed, the boy was at once given up to his mother.

A SINGULAR case of shooting £100 was heard by the Bedford magistrates on Monday. Two manufacturers belonging to Shipley were the prisoners, the prosecutor belonging to Bradford. Of course an inquiry narrowed the charge considerably, but it is still a serious one for the defendants. They had given a bill for £5 0 to the prosecutor for a heap of wool, but fearing that the wool would not be delivered, they called upon the prosecutor, offering to send £100 that the wool would not be delivered, and afterwards sending him two £50 notes from the hand of the prosecutor's daughter, where they had been placed. The case was remanded.

ON Tuesday morning, shortly after twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in a large crowd of buildings lying behind the principal houses of business in Little Tower-street, lying, let to various persons, including Messrs. Hemp, Carr, and Co., merchants; Messrs. Bailey, tea merchants; Messrs. Podmore, tea dealers (who sell) Messrs. Fannings, wine merchants, and others. The conductor of the Royal Society's escape imagining that some persons were in the building entered the first floor by the window, but before he had time to enter the upper rooms the flooring gave way, and he, with Mr. Foreman Bridges, of the brigade, and Engineer Withers, nearly fell through into the floor beneath. Engines of the parish, borne on others of the London Brigade, under the command of Captain Shaw, were remarkably early in arriving, as well as Hedges' brigade from the distillery at Lambeth, under the superintendence of Mr. Inglis, F.R.S. The three powerful land steam engines by Shaw and Mason, of Blackfriars, having arrived in the building they took up their position in such a manner as to prevent the fire from extending into other buildings in which many thousands of pounds' worth of property was deposited.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. William Stubbs, M.A., vicar of Weststock, Essex, and formerly fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, to be librarian and keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth.

A STRANGE story has been current in the Wold district of Yorkshire during the past few days. A farmer of middle age has eloped with the young wife of a neighbour in the same village. Mr. R. seems to be a married man without family, and pretty well off, and the lady with whom he is stated to have eloped is said to be much younger and very pretty, though occupying an inferior social position, and has two drawbacks in the shape of children. Mr. R. and Mrs. C. are stated to have visited Malton on Saturday week, and to judge from the fact that the gentleman has, since harvest, been converting his property into cash as opportunity offered, have intended eloping together. A ludicrous incident seems to have hastened this resolution. In returning from Malton the gentleman received an accidental injury in the face, from which blood flowed freely; and on reaching home the husband of the pretty wife found that the partner's face was also stained with blood, but for which she had no wound to account. The husband's jealousy seemed to have been aroused, and a quarrel resulted, followed in a day or two by the simultaneous disappearance of Mrs. T. and Mr. R., who have taken with them the two children. All seem to have gone off in a hurry, taking no luggage, and for a while living suspicion. Mr. R. is, however, believed to be well supplied with cash. The husband and wife of the fugitives have instituted a fruitless search after their respective partners, but no trace of them can be got beyond Malton, whence they seem to have departed no one knows whither.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

On Sunday Louis Napoleon opened the Boulevard Prince Eugene, being a continuation of the splendid street encircling Paris. At half-past one precisely the Emperor and Empress left the Tuilleries—the Emperor on horseback, the Empress in a State carriage, with gorgeous liveries. The cortege opened with a detachment of Cent Gardes, and the Emperor who was in a general's uniform, had on his right Prince Napoleon and Prince Joachim Murat. Behind him rode a brilliant staff, composed of Marshals Canrobert, Niel, Faraguy d'Hilliers, and McMahon; and after these a crowd of generals and officers of the military household and aides-de-camp. Marshal Magnan had about him an hour before passed along the boulevard to post himself with the troops who held the boulevard and Place du Prince Eugene. A squadron of Cent Gardes closed the military cortege of his Majesty. At some short distance to the rear, a detachment of Guides rode in advance of the State carriage. In which the Empress was seated with her ladies of honour. Two other carriages followed with the officers and ladies of her household and the second detachment of Guides brought up the rear. As the Emperor, mounted on a fine charger, rode slowly along he was cheered by the crowds that filled every window, by those who viewed the sight from the housetops, and by the multitudes that lined the streets. So far as could be judged, the Emperor came in, too, for a fair share of the ovation. The Emperor, who proceeded at the same slow pace the whole way, reached the first triumphal arch on the Boulevard du Temple in ten minutes to two o'clock. He passed under it amid general acclamation, entered the Boulevard du Prince Eugene, and reached the Place du Trône at twenty minutes past two. The Place du Trône was filled with spectators, who also welcomed him warmly, while the bands of the Guard struck up the "Chant pour la Syrie." He dismounted, and after some short time the Prefect, who was there with the whole of the municipal authorities, read an address or report to his Majesty on the embellishments effected in the capital. M. Monis, President of the Municipal Council, also read an address, and thanked the Emperor on behalf of that body for the impulse which he had given to all that concerned the well-being, moral and material, of the city of Paris. Both addresses were much applauded. Amid profound silence the Emperor stood up to reply. He congratulated the Prefect and the Municipal Council on the zeal they had displayed in carrying out his wishes. He felt, he said, greatly touched at the delicate attention shown in naming the transverse boulevard after his mother, Queen Hortense; but he could not keep for his family the monopoly of homage which was due to the national glory. He therefore requested that the boulevard now called after Queen Hortense should henceforth bear the name of Boulevard du Prince Eugene, in order to perpetuate the memory of one of the working classes who had won wealth and honour by perseverance and probity, and who also had put himself at the head of his workmen in days of danger to fight for his country. The close of the imperial speech was, as a matter of course, the signal for the greatest applause, which was renewed when he distributed a good number of crosses, on the recommendation of his ministers, who were all in attendance upon him.

This finished the ceremony. The Emperor mounted his horse and took the lead, followed by the same brilliant staff. The Empress entered her carriage with her attendants, the escort fell into its place, the bands played, the crowds applauded, and the cortege returned to the Tuilleries by the same way and in the same order it came. A number of old soldiers of the First Empire, arrayed in their quaint uniforms, with the never-failing Mamelukes, were on the ground and were very favourably received.

## ITALY.

A communication from Rome, in the *Monde*, has the following—

"Great excitement has been caused in this city by an event which took place on the evening of the 25th ult., at the Caffarelli Palace, the residence of the Prussian minister, where the Prince and Princess of Prussia had invited several persons to dinner. The minister in question, Baron de Caunitz, who had not appeared during the feast, suddenly presented himself at midnight in a singular costume, and with many gratulations and a declaration that he would not have his house any longer turned into a museum, and ordered the Prince and his guests to leave. This was said in such a manner as to shock the ears of the ladies. The Princess Royal was seized with a fit of trembling, and while every one was stupified with astonishment, the Prince approached the minister in an affectionate manner, and implored him to leave. This M. de Caunitz at last did, as he still retained some feeling of respect. M. de Caunitz was then and is still stark mad. He was conveyed to the residence of his brother-in-law, Prince D. Michael Cantani. In an interval of reason M. de Caunitz expressed a desire of seeing Cardinal Antonelli; his eminence, not being able to go himself, sent Monsignor Ferardi, but there was no hope of saving him. It is said that a minister of the Prussian legation set in the chapel of the Prussian embassy on all Souls'-day was the determining occasion of an event the origin of which must be sought further back. M. de Caunitz had fought a duel a long time ago, in which he killed his adversary."

## PRUSSIA.

In a reply which the King has just made to another deputation, the following passage occurs:—"Our adversaries wish for no army at all, because they want the Government to be without power and authority."

## AMERICA.

The Federal Government has issued an order for the release of all prisoners held in military charge for discouraging the enlistment and opposing the draft. All persons arrested in the Confederate States for hostility to the Federal Government will be discharged on parole, or allowed to leave the country; this does not, however, refer to persons who have been in arms against the Government. The Federal expedition for opening the Mississippi will consist of about 40,000 men and forty gunboats.

President Jefferson Davis has ordered the Confederate General commanding the Mississippi Department to demand the surrender of Federal General McNeil for murdering ten Confederate citizens of Missouri. If this is refused, and the charges are proved to be true, the Confederate General is instructed to execute the first ten Federal officers that are captured.

President Lincoln has ordered the Attorney-General to take measures for carrying out the Confiscation Act.

The Federalists have extended the time for the inhabitants of Fredericksburg to remove their women and children until the morning of the 23rd. No news has been yet received of any bombardment, all being reported quiet. The Confederate General Lee is at Fredericksburg, and it is supposed will resist the passage of the Rappahannock by the Federals. The Confederates remain in the immediate front of the Federals at Harpers Ferry. The reports of "Stone Wall" Jackson's movements are still conflicting.

Earl Russell's refusal to co-operate with France in mediation is variously interpreted, many regarding the question of mediation as only postponed. The *New York Times* thinks that the official announcement of proposed mediation will give a definiteness to American policy which will leave European Governments no room to doubt what will be the result when they shape and indicate their own course.



General McCallan has refused a public reception in New York. The *New York Times* thinks that the threat of Jefferson Davis to execute the first ten Federal officers captured in Missouri will be carried out, and will form the most frightful incident of the present war, demanding instant serious consideration of the people. The following is the order which has been issued by President Davis, relative to the reported massacre at Palmyra:—

"Executive Office, Richmond, Nov. 17.

"General,—Enclosed you will find a slip from the *Memphis Daily Appeal* of the 3rd inst., containing an account, purporting to be derived from the *P. Express* (Missouri) courier, a Federal Journal, of the murder of ten Confederate citizens of Missouri, by order of Gen. McNeil, of the United States army. You will communicate by flag of truce with the Federal officer commanding that department, and ascertain if the facts are as stated. If they be so, you will demand the immediate surrender of General McNeil to the Confederate authorities, and if this demand is not complied with, you will inform said commanding officer that you are ordered to execute the first ten United States officers who may be captured and fall into your hands.—Very respectfully yours,

"Lieut.-General T. J. Holmes, Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department."

#### TERRIBLE COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR BARNSELEY.

On Monday, shortly before eleven o'clock, an explosion of fire-damp took place at the Edmund's Main Colliery, which it is to be feared will be attended with a very shocking loss of life; indeed, since the terrible catastrophe at Lundhill in 1857, nothing apparently so calamitous has occurred in this district. The colliery, which is about 180 yards deep, and in which the Barnsley bed of coal is principally worked, has been hitherto nearly free from accident involving the loss of life, the proprietors, Messrs Bartholomew, Tyas, Mitchell, and Co., having adopted every means for the safety of the men. At the time stated the men in the pit, numbering close upon 300, were startled by an explosion of fire-damp, which caused those men near the pit bottom to at once rush higher for safety. Those in the advanced levels, some 1,400 to 1,600 yards distant, were unable to reach there in consequence of the gas. The men at the top were soon made acquainted with the state of affairs by the quantity of coal and rubbish thrown up out of the cupola by the explosion. Assistance was promptly obtained, and as the news reached the other collieries in the neighbourhood the men at once ceased working and rushed to the scene of the catastrophe. Numbers volunteered to descend and rescue, if possible, the men below. In this they were so far successful that in a short time some forty or fifty were brought to the pit mouth, about twenty of whom were severely burnt. One man, Davy, dying on reaching his home. Another poor fellow, nearly 60 years of age, named Pickery was dreadfully burnt, and in his agony called out for help, praying fervently that God would give him strength to see his poor family again. Mr. Walton, of Darley Main, was among those who first went down, and was brought up all but insensible. He heard the men above where he was praying devoutly. Lowton, the bottom steward, also went down, and was obliged to be left by the party he went with, having evidently penetrated too far into the workings and been overcome by the sulphur. Shortly after two o'clock it was announced that nothing more could be done until bratticing was fixed and the air course was cleared. The number of men in the pit is variously estimated, the lowest being that considerably more than 50 remain to be recovered, and in what state it is easy to imagine. The pit is on fire, and preparations are being made to flood it with water.

TO OUR LADY READERS.—We now especially appeal to you. We refer you to an announcement in this number of our journal, alluding to the appalling distress prevailing in the manufacturing districts. It speaks of a subscription list opened at our office, to aid the funds for the relief of that distress. Now, it is for this purpose that we solicit your co-operation and assistance. There are plenty of means by which the fair sex can render most efficient help in such a good work of charity. They have more time at their disposal than men have. They can ask in such cases with a better grace than men can. Their ways are more winning—their appeals more irresistible. We have no doubt that there is many a lady who in the course of a week might collect an amount, more or less, during her visits to her friends. If it were only a few shillings, no matter! Nay, if it were only a few pence, it would be welcomed! Suppose a young lady made up her mind to collect five shillings for this fund, she could procure a card and go round amongst her acquaintances until she succeeded in filling it up. Who could refuse her two or three postage stamps as a donation in such a case? There is another reason why we now specially appeal to the fair sex. Numbers of ladies and of young females engaged in their various occupations, never pay attention to newspapers. They therefore remain in ignorance of many occurrences; or if they do hear of cases of distress, they feel an inclination to relieve them, but know not how to do it. This it is that many and many a charitably disposed young person would gladly and enthusiastically contribute her mite if she only knew the channel by which it could be conveyed to the proper quarter. It also happens that many well intentioned persons, but whose means are very limited, are timid and diffident in sending small sums to the head-quarters of charitable committees;—but none need scruple to remit even the very smallest amount to the Subscription List now opened at our Office. Ladies, the work is before you. See what you can do to aid in relieving the distress of thousands of families in the manufacturing districts. Remember that the wives and daughters of the working men now thrown out of work through no fault of their own, are your fellow-countrywomen! They are your sisters! Will you not help them! Yes—we know that you will. Your hearts are in the right place—your sympathies never will be vainly appealed to. As we shall think it no trouble at our Office to keep the list of subscriptions, to acknowledge them in this journal, to pay them over to the Lord Mayor's Committee, and to do all we can to further the great object we have in view,—neither must any one of you think it a trouble to afford us the help which we now solicit at your hands.—*Bow Bells.*

A NOVEL WORKHOUSE TEST.—A movement of sympathy for the distress in Lancashire has been commenced in the parish of St. Pancras. The inmates of a workhouse, themselves the recipients of relief, would be supposed to be the last to contribute to the relief fund, but at the instance of Mrs. Morrison, the matron of the St. Pancras workhouse, a subscription has been set on foot amongst the inmates, which in pence, half-pence, and farthings at first yielded a sum of £1 17s. The weekly subscription from the same source has since amounted respectively to 15s. and 17s. 6d. In explanation of the apparent contradiction that the pauper class should be able to contribute any money at all, it may be stated that a certain number of the inmates receive trifling weekly sums for special duties performed, and that others have money occasionally brought them by their friends. It is out of these scanty funds—and by the self-denial of little purchasable comforts, which had perhaps cheered a happier condition of existence, that this singular help is afforded. We have heard of a similar act of self-sacrifice on the part of the inmates of the Manchester workhouse; but the case now cited is, we believe, amongst the metropolitan workhouses, peculiar to the workhouse of St. Pancras.

### Provincial News.

YORKSHIRE.—ESCAPE AND SUICIDE OF A LUNATIC.—A young lady named Hodgson, who had been three months in the asylum at Mount Head, near Otley, belonging to Dr. Smith, of Leeds, made her escape between five and six o'clock in the evening; the woman who keeps the lodge, hearing the gate close, supposing it was her daughter, who was expected home, not going out to see what was the matter. A short time afterwards a man, named Moon, and his companions, on their way from Ilkley to Burley, came up, and found a crinoline and a head-net on the bank of the river. A struggle was heard in the water, and upon looking closely they saw something floating on the surface, but the river there being very deep, and none of the party able to swim, they did not venture in. They, however, threw out a leather strap, which appeared to touch the hand of what now turned out to be a woman, but she was either unable or unwilling to take hold of it. The poor creature then gave a loud scream, and, having turned on her back and uttered two or three shrieks, she sank.

WILTSHIRE.—ELOPEMENT OF A CLERGYMAN.—Much excitement has been caused throughout the county of Wilt during the last few days, in consequence of the sudden disappearance of a rev. gentleman well known throughout the district in which he resides, and also by the flight with him of a person living in the same neighbourhood. A village in the immediate vicinity of Swindon is the scene of the elopement. What renders the circumstance more painful than it otherwise would have been is the fact that the person whom the rev. gentleman has taken with him is a married woman, and prior to entering into the matrimonial state she lived in the house of her reverend admirer as lady's-maid. We are not certain whether the rev. gentleman himself is married; but rumour states that he is. It is said that before the elopement the rev. gentleman, whose friends move in high circles in Worcestershire, sold out at the Stock Exchange, and that the proceeds realized some thousands of pounds, which the fugitives took with them. We believe the woman has several children.—*Western Daily Press.*

SOMERSETSHIRE.—A CLERGYMAN IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Last Monday, a prisoner was taken to the county gaol at Gloucester; as soon as he was inside the outer door the policeman took off his handcuffs, and the lodgekeeper not having had time to lock the door, the fellow bounded through the opening with the agility of a deer. Of course there was immediate pursuit, but two policemen who were present were so startled that they were unable to get up speed, and the few bystanders contented themselves with calling "stop thief," and admiring the agility of the runaway, who speedily ran through Barbican-lane to the docks, and made for the river. At this moment the Rev. Aspidell Dudley, the gaol chaplain, came up, and hearing the cry of "Stop thief," joined in the race. It happens that the rev. gentleman is a good example of a "muscular Christian," as well as of the other Christian virtues, and thus, though the runaway was fleet, he was speedily coursed down by the chaplain (who also happens to be chaplain of the Engineer Volunteer Corps) who seized him behind in the most approved garrotting fashion, rendered him powerless, and turning him round, marched him back towards the prison, and handed him over to the police. Some bystanders declared they never saw a finer flat race.—*Bristol Mercury.*

HERTFORDSHIRE.—A MAN BOILED ALIVE.—An inquest was held at the Prince of Wales, Bishop Stortford, before T. S. Sworder, Esq., the coroner for Herts, to ascertain the circumstances connected with the death of a person named Samuel Curtis, thirty-seven years of age, and who at that time was in the employment of Messrs. Hawkes and Co., the well known brewers of Bishop Stortford. It appeared from the evidence that on Tuesday week the deceased was engaged with another person, named Thurgood, in cleaning out some liquor vats, and for that purpose, a short time previous, about ten barrels of boiling water had been let into each of them. Curtis was mopping out one of these vessels, and instead of doing so from the outside, he improperly got within it, and stood over the vat on some cross pieces of wood that were only used for the purpose of removing the yeast from off the beer, when by some means the poor fellow slipped, and fell into the boiling liquor beneath. His companion whose back was turned at the time, heard the splash and also screams, and upon looking round he perceived the uplifted hands of Curtis issuing from the vat. He, of course, ran to his assistance, and with the aid of another man extricated him. A medical man was almost immediately in attendance, but he at once pronounced the case a hopeless one; and, after enduring the most intense agony, he died on the following morning. The coroner commented on the necessity of employers seeing that their servants were not engaged in hazardous work, without securing them proper protection, and having responsible overlookers; at the same time, he said, he fully acquitted the Messrs. Hawkes from any blame in this melancholy accident, after which the jury returned as their verdict—"That the death of the deceased had arisen from accidental causes."

BERKS.—FOX-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday last, the quiet little village of Horton was enlivened by a fox hunt of a very novel and exciting character. It appears that a workman employed at Horton House was returning from his dinner, when he espied Reynard issuing from a gap in the hedge near the rectory. He lost no time in giving the alarm, and very soon almost the whole population turned out en masse, men, women, and children, all armed with the most offensive weapons that presented itself—bill-hooks, staves, hammers, spades, and even pick-axes were grasped by the eager Minotaurs, and away they went over hedges and ditches, in fine style, going in a direct line for Wraybury. When near that place, Reynard doubled and made again for Horton, still followed by his enemies, and on reaching the rectory he bolted into the garden, and eventually encoined himself in a faggot pile, from which he was soon driven, when, to the amazement and chagrin of all parties, it turned out to be not Reynard at all, but a fine specimen of a fox-dog belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood! So, after looking rather sheepishly at each other for a few moments, the disappointed hunters burst into a hearty laugh, and separated.—*Win so-Sunday.*

WARWICKSHIRE.—MURDER AT BIRMINGHAM.—An inquest on the body of Alice Inel y, who was murdered by Henry Carter on Thursday week took place on Monday evening, before Dr. J. Birt Davies, the borough coroner. The first witness examined was Elizabeth Hinkley, the grandmother of the deceased, who said that about twenty minutes before eleven on the Thursday evening she saw deceased leave her house in company with Henry Carter, her sweetheart. She shortly after saw them in the yard, and said to her granddaughter, "Alice, come in; you have a bad cold, and you will only catch a worse;" to which deceased replied, "I'm coming directly, grandmother." She shortly after heard the report of a pistol, and on going into the yard saw her granddaughter lying on the ground. On picking her up and conveying her into the house of her father they found she was quite dead. There was a hole in her back, from which blood was flowing. John McCausland, police-constable, said he apprehended the prisoner Carter about a quarter to one on Friday morning in a crowd near to the house of deceased. He took him to the station. On the way the prisoner shuffled and dropped a double-barrelled pistol (reduced) on being charged with the murder the prisoner said, "I shot the girl." Mr. Warillow, surgeon, said he had made a post mortem examination of the body of the deceased. He found a gunshot wound midway below the lower angle of the left scapula and the spinal process of the fifth dorsal vertebra. Judging from the direction of the wound, he concluded that the ball must have been fired by some

person standing behind on the left side of deceased. The clothing or flesh was not signed. Other witnesses proved the purchase of the pistol and balls by the prisoner. He declined to make any statement, and the coroner having summed up the evidence, the jury, after a few minutes' consultation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder."

#### A CORSIAN SOLDIER CONDEMNED FOR MURDER.

The military tribunal of Chalons has just tried a young soldier of the 52nd Regiment, named Pietri, a native of Corsica, on a charge of having murdered, on the 3rd Nov., a young man named Haussin, the son of a farmer residing at Saint-Venuste, near Chalons. It appeared from the evidence, which agreed with the accounts given at the time the murder took place, that M. Haussin and his son were returning home from one of their fields, with a load of green fodder, on the top of which they were seated, when they came up with two young men, one of whom was a grocer at Chalons, in shooting attire, with a fowl ng-piece, who lay on the ground dead drunk, and the other, the prisoner, who was somewhat less intoxicated. The latter asked M. Haussin to allow his companion to ride to Chalons on the fodder. The farmer refused on the ground that it would be dangerous to place a man in such a condition on the top of a load among the scythes and forks lying there. This refusal so incensed the prisoner that he seized his companion's double-barrelled gun, ran after the cart, and, aiming at young Haussin, killed him dead on the spot. He then discharged the other barrel at the father, but missed him; the shot, however, struck a rake hanging at the back of the load. All these facts were proved by the evidence of M. Haussin, and many other witnesses deposed as to the drunken state of the soldier and his companion, especially the servants of a farmhouse where they had drunk four bottles of wine. The prisoner, when asked what he had to say in his defence, stated that he had gone out with Regnaud for a day's shooting. Towards evening they went to a farmhouse to obtain refreshment, where they got intoxicated, and he had not the slightest recollection of anything that occurred from the time they left the house till after his arrest. He concluded with expressing the remorse he felt for the dreadful results of his drunkenness. The prisoner's counsel declared that his client was in reality a madman when he committed the crime, and implored for him the benefit of extenuating circumstances; but the tribunal, deeming intoxication no excuse, unanimously declared the charge of murder fully proved, and condemned the prisoner to death.

#### MURDER IN WESTMEATH.

ONE of the most brutal murders that has been committed in this county since the assassination of Mrs. Sarah Kelly was perpetrated at a place called Boyanna, midway on the coach road between Athlone and Moate. The unfortunate victim was an aged man, named Michael Bannon, a farmer, who some eight or ten years since returned from America with a little money, and has lived up to twelve months ago with his friends at Mount Temple, a few miles from the scene of the murder. At that time he was induced by a widow Coghlan to marry her daughter, then but nineteen years old, and subsequently the widow parted with her interest in the farm at Boyanna for £50 which Bannon paid to her, and came to reside there. Bannon since expended a considerable sum on the farm, and although he left nothing undone to make his wife comfortable, prompted by her mother, she has led him a very unhappy life, so much so that he threatened to sell his interest in the farm and leave them. Bannon left home for Athlone to transact some business in a loan bank there, in which he had money dealings, and returned about eleven o'clock at night. The story told by his mother-in-law is, that she was in bed when he returned—his wife had been away with some friends all day—and having taken his supper, he went out to an adjoining field to bring in a horse, but he never returned. His remains were discovered next day about twelve o'clock, frightfully mangled, in a corner of the field, the head battered into a pulp by two large stones, lying close to the body, which were covered with blood and brains. Mr. Power, sub-inspector from Moate, Mr. William Fetherston H., and sub-inspector of Kirkland, of the Glasgow station, were soon upon the spot, and took the widow and her daughter into custody. Other arrests were subsequently made, but without any clue to the murderer, until Constable Ryan arrested a man named Bodkin, living in the King's County, seven miles from the scene of the murder, with such marks and tokens upon his person and his clothes as can leave no doubt of his being the person who actually committed the deed. Bodkin was yesterday fully committed on the charge of wilful murder by a large bench of magistrates at Moate. The farm of Boyanna is close to the roadside, the residence belonging to which is commonly known as Ivy House, and this Bodkin has been an occasional visitor there. It is said that an intimacy between him and the widow has for a length of time existed.—*Saunders' News.*

#### MURDER AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

At Shrewsbury assizes, Elizabeth Boughey, aged 35, was indicted for killing and murdering one Clement Boughey, on the 13th of August last, in the parish of Drayton-in-Hales.

Mr. Boughey and Mr. Warren appeared for the prosecution, and his lordship, at the prisoner's request, assigned counsel for the defence.

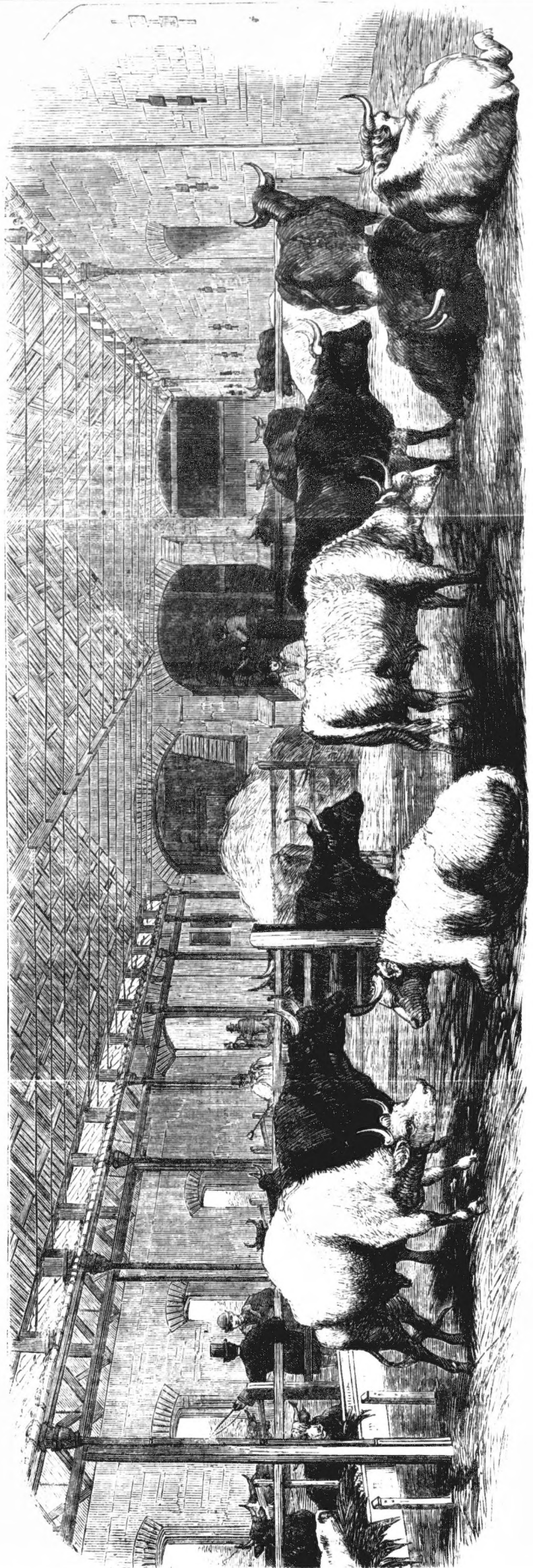
From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner is a married woman, but her husband has been abroad for some time. She had been an inmate of the Market Drayton Union, having gone there about midsummer. On the 28th of July, she was delivered of a full-grown male child, and it was baptized in the union by the name of Clement. On the 13th of August she discharged herself, taking the child with her. A nurse, named Mrs. Stubbs, dressed the child on the morning before the prisoner left the union with clothes clean from the laundry, and the prisoner observed, when she was going away, "Mrs. Stubbs, it would not take much to kill a little buffer like that." She then went away. About one o'clock, a man named Evans met her in the road between Sutton and Stoke, and she was then carrying a large bundle in a red-coloured shawl. He ent over a gate into a field for some purpose, and after he had been there for some time he saw the prisoner come back to the gate. She looked up and down the road, and then over the gate, as if watching whether any one was looking. She then began to beat the bundle on the top of the gate. She went on to another gate and repeated the beating again. From thence she crossed a field by a foot road, and on coming to the top of a stile she struck the bundle on the stile several severe blows. In the meantime a man named Immanuel Austin came up to Evans and he went to watch the prisoner at the request of Evans. When he came up with the prisoner at the stile he said to her, "Mrs. I suppose you have a fiened that now?" She said, "Softened what?" He said, "That that you have in the bundle." Evans was, during the time, minding a team which Austin was driving. Austin went back to his team and the woman went on. When Austin again took charge of his team Evans went to the house of a man named Blandford, who had formerly been a police-constable. Blandford was not at home, but his son went in company with Evans in pursuit of the prisoner. They overtook her on the Drayton-road, and asked her what she had in the bundle, but she refused to tell. The Rev. Mr. Cheer had also joined them by this time. She would not let them see what was in the bundle, and Mr. Cheer insisted on searching it. He held the woman's hands while the boy Blandford opened the bundle. A child was found in it. It was dead, but not cold. They kept her there for a short time, and then gave her in charge to a policeman.

The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "Guilty." His lordship passed sentence of death in the usual form.



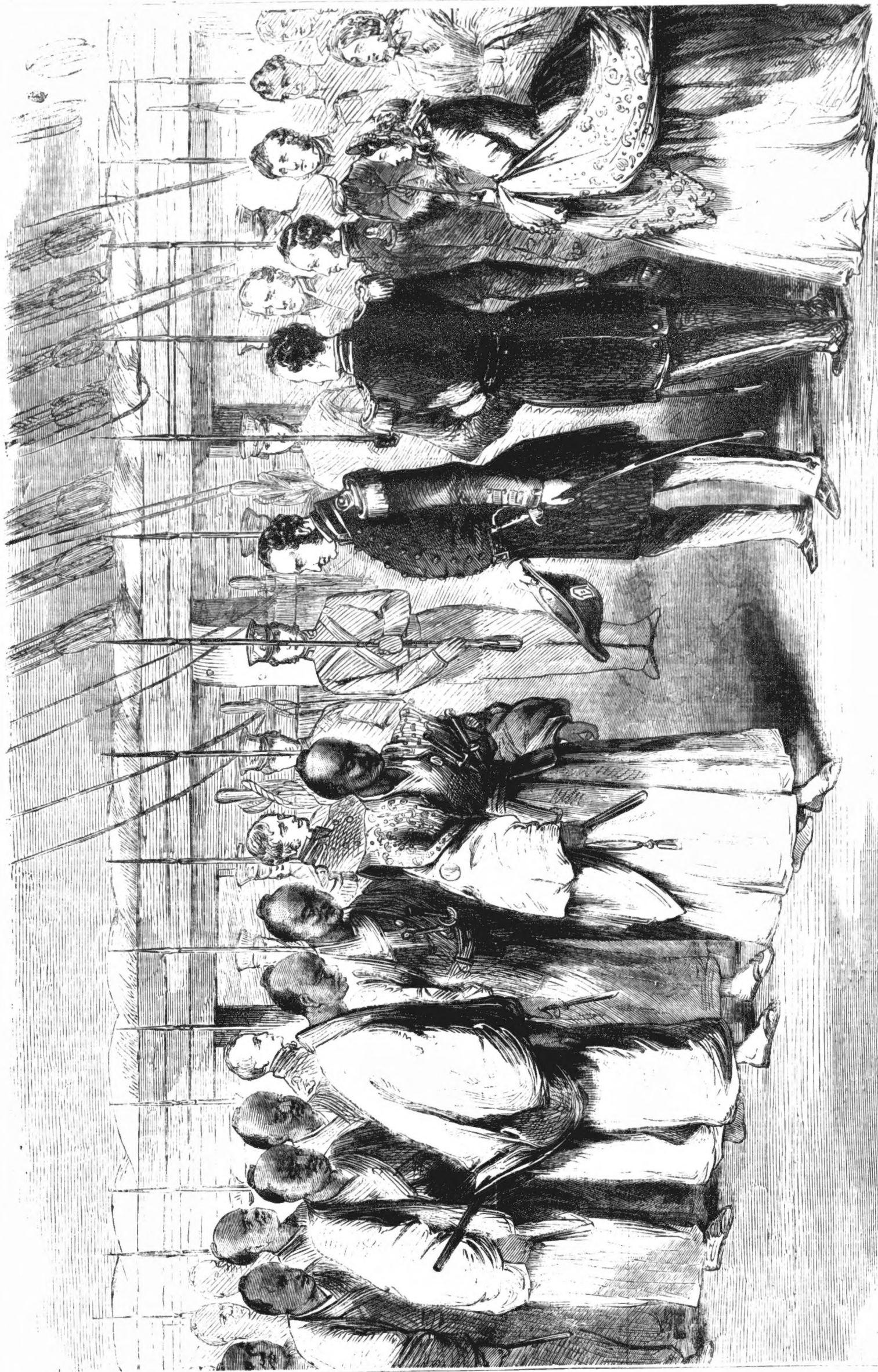


THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM AT WINDSOR. (See page 134.)



THE CATTLE YARD. (See page 134.)





THE RETURN OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR-GENERAL ON BOARD THE FRENCH MAN OF WAR "SOLFERINO".



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## THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

It is unnecessary to inform our readers that a wide-spread and still increasing amount of distress prevails in the Manufacturing Districts, on account of the failure of the supply of cotton from the Southern States of America. The knowledge that such distress does exist, and that numerous families are suffering the direst privations at this inclement season, is sufficient to excite the sympathy of all our readers. But even amongst these readers there may be many whose means will not allow them to give much, but who would cheerfully contribute a little. Therefore, in opening at our Office a Subscription List for

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Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
13	S	Sun rises 8h. 0m. Sets 8h. 49m. ...	6 4	6 6	
14	S	3rd Sunday in Advent. P. Consort died ...	6 48	7 13	
15	M	Isaac Walton died, 1683 ...	7 40	8 9	
16	T	Cambridge Term ends ...	8 48	9 8	
17	W	Oxf rd Term ends ...	9 52	10 13	
18	T	Miller, botanist, died, 1771 ...	11 3	11 36	
19	F	Ember Day ...		0 5	
MOON'S CHANGES.—14, Last Quarter, 10h. 33m. a.m.			Sunday Lessons.		
MORNING.			EVENING.		
Isaiah 5; Acts 14.			Isaiah 26; 1 Peter 2		

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILLIP (Haggerstone).—If it can be proved that A. B. sells ginger-beer during the prohibited hours, we consider that he is liable to the penalty under the 11 and 12 Vict. c. 49, and 8 and 19 Vict. c. 118. Ginger-beer, as we apprehend, must be treated as a "fermented liquor," within the meaning of those Acts, and if it be so, the sale of it is prohibited quite as strictly as that of "beer" of the ordinary description.

ENQUIRER.—The width of the carriage-way of London-bridge is 33 ft.; that of each of the foot-paths is 9 ft.; that measured from outside to outside of the parapets is 56 ft. The total length of the water-way is 692 ft., including the abutments and piers; the bridge is 928 ft. long. The total height of the carriage-way in the centre, above the low water-line, is 55 ft.

A. Z.—St. Paul's Cathedral was built in forty years.

X. X.—The owner of the building has a right to open out the window if he thinks fit. But the occupier of the garden has an equal right to build a wall in front of it, if he chooses.

A STUDENT.—The longest lawsuit which ever took place in England, or, indeed, in any part of the world, arose in a litigated question respecting certain possessions near Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester, between the heirs of Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lieke, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other. The suit was instituted towards the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was still pending in the reign of James I. at which time a compromise took place between the parties—thus embracing a period of one hundred and twenty years!

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

THE streets of London are not paved with gold. They are very large, very straggling, and generally very miserable. They are paved with mud, vice, poverty, and struggling respectability. They are crowded with a population exactly equal to that of the whole cotton district, a large portion of which is always trembling on the brink of starvation. Every winter the same appeals come before us, the same shivering crowds are found standing at the workhouse doors, and the same pothouse inquests are held upon the bony remains of those who have dropped prematurely into eternity for want of a bit of bread. With all our poor-law system, with all our large and impulsive private benevolence, with institutions cropping up in every street for the relief of every form of suffering, more people die annually of absolute starvation in London than in any other city in the world. They are not the obtrusive poor, the dramatic poor, the poor who are only divided from the professional beggar by a very thin line. They are those whose misery has to be sought out, who sink into corners, hoping against hope, who are the last to brave the brutality of parish officers—the last to fight their way for the pauper's dole. They shiver in their rags, and sustain a wretched parody of life on chance scraps and soddened tea-leaves. Every working clergyman in London—east, west, north, south, and in the centre—knows where to put his finger on hundreds of these sinking beings. While the Lancashire misery has been at its height—within the short space of two autumnal months—we have noted fifteen deaths from starvation in London which have been reported in the papers. How many have dropped through without this record? How many have been buried with certificates drawn up by surgeons who are ashamed to write the disgraceful word, and who rake up fancy names for such deaths from the depths of medical dictionaries? What do we read in the last weekly return of the Registrar-General under the bitter mocking term: "The Health of London"? Let us quote the official words:—"Four deaths are returned as caused by privation. The following are the particulars of those cases:—On the 8th of November a man, aged fifty-seven years,

who had been an artificial florist, died in St. Pancras Workhouse of 'exhaustion from starvation.' On the 17th of November, in the same workhouse, the widow of a tailor, aged forty-three years, died of 'exhaustion from starvation.' On the 24th of November, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a man unknown, probably about thirty-three years of age, died of 'cold and want of food.' He had been found in the Smithfield pens. On the 14th of November, at 11, Parliament-street, Bethnal-green, the son of a weaver, aged three months, died of "destitution, the mother not having milk for the child from want of food." Is this a state of things to be proud of? One man found like a dead dog in the Smithfield pens a place where no dead beast whose carcase was worth a shilling was ever suffered to lie unheeded for ten minutes. A death from starvation is a national disgrace, and ought to be recorded for ever in a temple of national shame. Without such a record—such a rude but wholesome chamber of horrors—we are too apt to forget these proofs of bad government. The world is too busy, says one of the many earnest writers on this subject, the news, papers are too universal in their aspirations, and our statesmen are thinking far too much of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, to devote more than a passing glance to these most awful deaths, unless they are brought before them in a blunt, material shape. The dead man is hurried away in the parish coffin, the usual curt line is scribbled in the registrar's book, the paragraph in the newspaper corner is read and forgotten, and the whole thing is buried in eternal night. This is not enough, and for the sake of those strugglers who are left we require more. Percentages, averages, and all the hocus-pocus of statistics, are only mists, fogs, curtains, and sleeping-draughts, except to the official mind; and we, the public, require something more gross and more palpable. Without going too far back into the history of misery and want, it would not be a pleasant chronicle to read, even if the London deaths from starvation were only recorded for the last five or six years. One death a week, at least, would rise up to claim its place on this dreary tablet, and three hundred names, with the shortest statement of how their owners suffered and died, would make some terrible "sensational" columns for a daily newspaper. Unless the whole scheme of providence is a superstitious dream, and men are like worms, who may die unheeded, some account will have to be given of these famished castaways. They did their duty by respecting their neighbours' wealth, and by stretching out no dishonest hand to seize the plenty within their reach, but Society cruelly neglected its duty when it allowed them to starve. It we have no settled humanity—no certain sense of what is right—let us at least do what we can to maintain our national pride. With all the calls which this winter will bring upon our means and charity—calls which can be easily met by a little timely retrenchment—let us not forget the London poor, who are the most powerful in their weakness. Some of them, who are amongst the least reputable, may disgrace us by their lives; but the most wretched and deserving—probably the most numerous body—have far more power to disgrace us by their deaths.

THE more desperate the Federal Government is the more it is to be feared. The wholesale confiscation of half a continent is a strong measure; the murders at New Orleans were also strong measures; General Pope's system of living upon the plunder of a defenceless country was another strong measure; but the greatest excess of all was the murder in cold blood by General McNeil of those ten men in Missouri. We drew attention to that dreadful story the moment the news reached this country, and we then predicted the future horrors to which it must lead. It seems that the Confederate President has considered that this was a case in which cruelty must be met by cruelty. He has demanded the surrender of General McNeil that he may be put to death for this crime against the laws of war and of nature; and upon the refusal of this demand Mr. Jefferson Davis has ordered that the next ten Federal officers who are captured in Missouri shall be put to death. The Federal press is confident that this order of reprisal will be executed. But if this once begins, it is impossible to foresee the end of it. Retaliation will beget retaliation, and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis will go on hanging their prisoners of war until nothing is left to do but to hary and slay without quarter. The North seem to be hurrying on their heavy iron-clad fleet to scare the European Powers from interference. It is a quarrel with which England has no desire to interfere by force, as England has abundantly shown. But we cannot look on long at a war of reprisals such as that which General McNeil has commenced, and which Mr. Jefferson Davis is about to continue, and which the Federal American press seems prepared to accept. It may be, as the American papers intimate, that any offer of mediation would be met on the part of the Washington Government with a debuteness which will leave Europeans no doubt what will be the result—which we presume means insult, defiance, and war; but if they insist on their right to fight they must learn to fight like human beings. Even we, who "do not fight for an idea," might have to join in a crusade to put down atrocities such as all parties now fortell.

A MODEL LANDLORD.—In the course of the rejoicings at Eglington Castle last week a letter by the Earl of Eglington to his commissioner was read, in which the earl said: "I shall feel obliged to you informing my tenants, at such a time and in such a manner as you may consider most expedient, that at next May term it is my intention to make them a present of ten per cent off their rents for this year's crop. I am well aware that the last four years have been anything but remunerative to the farmers of this part of Scotland; but I wish you distinctly to explain to my tenants that the above gift is in no case to be considered as a solatium for by past losses. I beg that those who may have suffered seriously as to injure their prospects of managing their farms successfully will candidly make their position known to my factor, and I shall be glad to give my attentive consideration to each case that is brought under my notice."

A FEDERAL CORVETTE AT FALMOUTH.—The Federal corvette Onward, Captain Nickels, put into Falmouth, from Fayal, to repair some slight damage and to re-victual. She is about nine hundred tons, has nine guns, and 114 hands, and is one of the ships on the look-out for the Alabama. Her crew appear to be in a very satisfactory state of discipline, as her officers cannot come on shore in the ship's boats from fear of the men deserting.



## General News.

A general order has been issued by the Duke of Cambridge, commanding that the staff, should receive a general pay of £100 a year, which is fixed on the supposition that it is for active service in the field at the head of a great army. Forage is all paid for twenty horses. The general commanding in chief receives about 4,000 a year, while a field-marshal would cost little less than 7,000. The Army and Navy Gazette recommends 5,000 a year for the commander-in-chief.

A MEMORIAL having been forwarded from Scarborough to the Lord Chancellor, praying that his lordship would not appoint Mr. Godfrey Knight a magistrate for the borough, in consequence of his being a brewer, an official communication has been forwarded to the memorialists, acknowledging the receipt of the communication, and stating that "if Mr. Knight is a brewer he is not eligible for the appointment of borough magistrate."

THE other day a rough looking customer appeared before one of the Military Commissioners and said, "Mr. Commissioner, I am over 45." "How old are you?" "I don't know how old I am, but I am over 45." "In what year did you make your first appearance in this mundane sphere?" "I don't know what you mean, but I am over 45." "When were you born?" "I don't know, but I am over 45." "How do you know you are over 45?" "I don't know, and I don't care, but I am over 45." "When were you 45?" "I don't know, but I know I am over 45." "You must give some proof that you are over 45." "I have been in this country thirty-three years; I am over 45." "That does not prove that you are too old to be draughted." "I don't care; I know I am over 45." "I shall not erase your name until you prove your age." "I tell you I have been in this country thirty-three years, and I went a sparring before I came here; I am over 45." "Will you swear to it?" "Yes, I'm over 45—if I ain't over 45." Well, I will exempt you. "I don't care whether you do or not; I am a foreigner—besides, I have wooden legs; and he went stamping into the street, swearing oaths not called for by the commissioner. —*New York Tribune.*

It is announced (but not officially) that the second daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, the Princess Sophie Marie Frederica Dagmar, aged fifteen (the sister of the Princess Alexandra), will be affianced to the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, the Czar's only grand-nephew; and that their confirmation is postponed because, previous to this ceremony, they will enter the Greco-Catholic church.

MR. P. WYKHAM MARTIN, the father of the member for Rochester, is spoken of as the candidate in the Liberal interest for the eastern division of the county of Kent, recently vacant by the death of Mr. Peckes. The Conservatives are already at work to secure the return of Sir Norton Knatchbull. The name of Mr. Beresford Hope, who has estates in the county, has also been mentioned.

A LETTER from a clergyman in British Columbia, dated October the 6th, only three weeks after the arrival of these young women emigrants, says:—"The female emigrants have arrived. The servants were instantly provided with situations, the lowest wages being £30 a year. The governess class, for which the bishop does not apply, are a difficulty. All are, however, in homes but six or eight. The boon to the colony is very great indeed."

A most melancholy accident occurred in the outer harbour of the Harlepool Docks, and which might have caused a fearful disaster among the shipping if it had not been discovered in time. A considerable number of vessels were lying in the outer harbour, when some people, who were astir, observed smoke coming up the "companion" of the schooner Mary, of Harlepool, and were further attracted to the ship by the barking of a dog in a neighbouring vessel. They found that the cabin was on fire, and having given the alarm, buckets of water were thrown down the companion, and as soon as the fire was got under, Mr. Peck, a ship captain, went down into the cabin amid a dense smoke, and found Ralph Day, the mate of the vessel, lying dead upon the cabin floor, with one of his feet nearly burnt off, and both his legs severely charred. The body was brought up, but life was extinct. The cabin was completely gutted. The cause of the fire is not known.

THE *Monde* says that a pious priest having applied to the Pope to know whether all those who have signed addresses calling for his renunciation of the temporal power have incurred the pains and penalties of excommunication, his Holiness, after serious consideration, has resolved the question in the affirmative. It follows, therefore, that half the Italian clergy, and the great majority of the Italian people, are excommunicated.

THE Lord Chancellor's Rectory of St. Anne's, Lewes, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Steward Green, M.A., formerly of Christ Church, Oxford. The rev. gentleman was head master of Lewes Grammar School.

THE chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral has been conferred upon the Rev. F. C. Massingberd, M.A., rector of South Ormsby and Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese of Lincoln.

KING LEOPOLD appears to have deferred his journey to England until the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in the month of March.

MR. DICKEY SLYMOUR, Q.C., M.P., in consequence of the result of the recent election for Southampton, does not intend again to offer himself for that constituency. The hon. and learned gentleman will, however, be brought forward by an influential party as the representative in parliament of one of the eastern metropolitan boroughs.

ON Sunday afternoon, the unusual ceremony of a special baptismal service was held at St. John's Church, Margate, for the purpose of admitting a convert from the Jewish persuasion (a daughter of a resident in the town) to the Established Church. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. C. T. Astley, vicar.

"AN Advocate for the Destruction of Vermin," suggests that a subscription be raised and paid at the command of the judges, to be called the "Garotte Conviction and Reward Fund," for the purpose of rewarding any person other than a policeman for capturing, or for aiding the police to capture, a garotter, say to the extent of £10 or £15 upon conviction; arguing that this would act as a stimulant to many of the working class to be on the look out to give assistance in the capture of these pests.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that Mr. Mechi has this week forwarded a cheque of £50 to Mrs. Polly, tenant-farmer on the Laver Marney Tower estate, for damage done by game where he has the preserves. —*Essex Herald.*

A LETTER from Munich of the 4th says that the ex-Queen of Greece is seen every day at noon on horseback, in the suburbs, with a lady of honour and some personages of the court.

A CASSEL letter in the *Hamburg News* says:—"The Princess Helenoe, daughter of the Prince Elector, whose husband has gone to America without paying his debts, which amount to very considerable sums, has been summoned to appear before the tribunal of the free city of Frankfurt; as well as her brother, the second son of the Elector. The princess signed bills for 80,000 florins which her husband put in circulation, and the princess's brother gave his guarantee by attaching his signature to 20,000 florins' worth of those bills."

CERTAIN persons, belonging to that political party which has lately lifted up its head so much in Prussia, propose, it is said, to present to the ex-King of Naples a silver shield, commemorative of his exploits and misfortunes, and for which the design is already sketched. It represents Francis II. on a rock, defending himself against the attacks of a troop of demons, two among which are considered unmistakably to resemble Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi.

## STRANGE DOINGS UNDER THE LUNACY LAW.

IN the Court of Queen's Bench has been tried a case *Hally Semple*, being an action against the defendant, a medical man, for falsely and maliciously and without probable cause having signed a certificate that the plaintiff was a lunatic, and thereby having caused him to be placed in a lunatic asylum.

The defendant pleaded "Not guilty" and a justification. Mr. Montagu Chambers, Q.C., Mr. Buddleston, Q.C., and Mr. Peacock, were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Serjeant Pigott and Mr. Gordon Allen for the defendant.

It appeared that the plaintiff, who had been brought up as an engraver, and afterwards commenced the china and glass business, carried on the latter trade in Tottenham-court-road. He was fifty-six years of age, and married his present wife in 1834, by whom he had eight children, six of whom are now living. Three weeks after their marriage differences commenced between them, which had existed down to the present time. They had separated three times, on one occasion for two years, and he had always allowed her a maintenance. On one occasion she expressed a regret at their separation, on account of the children, and said she had been her folly, and upon her promise of amendment he took her back again. For three weeks she conducted herself well, but after that she commenced her old practices, such as passing his things and keeping the money, believing with great violence, and even taking his clothes off his back. About six years ago her conduct was so bad that he was compelled to give up his engraving, and give his whole time to the china-shop. She frequently caused so much disturbance in the shop that, in order to get rid of the crowds that collected, he had to put the shutters up early in the day. He had been bound over to keep the peace more than once. When the freehold of his house in Tottenham-court-road was for sale, Dr. Guy came, as he said, to look over it. That gentleman signed a medical certificate of the unsoundness of his mind, in conjunction with the defendant. He suspected from his wife's demeanour that they knew each other.

He mentioned it to his wife and went down to dinner, where he was joined by Guy. He had hung over his head an old blunt theatrical sword which formerly belonged to his deceased brother. On one occasion his wife took some money from the till and went away. He followed her, and saw her go into Dr. Guy's house. His wife frequently went into the street and collected a crowd. She would say to them, "You see that man there, I and my children have been up all night, and he walking about with a drawn sword threatening to murder us." Every word of it was false. He had never been guilty of any unkindness towards her. These disturbances and annoyances were almost weekly. She borrowed money unknown to him from the neighbours, and tally-men and shopkeepers, who let her have goods payable weekly, were constantly enquiring for her. On the 15th June last, he saw Dr. Guy standing his nose against the glass of the shop-window, peering in. That was the only examination Dr. Guy had ever made of him. Between that day and the 28th July many persons came to his shop and spoke to him, whom he had since found were doctors. On the 28th July the defendant called and asked to see Mrs. Hall. Plaintiff declined to call her, but as he first knew defendant's business, defendant said he had called about her bad breast. He replied that if so his wife had misled him. It was a falsehood, she had no bad breast. He told defendant that Dr. Griffiths had attended her for twenty years, and he added he was sure the defendant, if he were a gentleman, would not lend himself to her running up another bill. His wife who had been watching them, came out, and the defendant walked towards her. Plaintiff said, "Perhaps, sir, you are not aware of the unhappy state in which we live, and of her continually running me in debt." He said, "Then it appears that you are the injured party. I have heard something of this; my name is Dr. Semple." Plaintiff then said, "Oh, if you know all about it I need say no more," and walked back to the front of the shop. That was all that passed. He was not excited, neither did he charge his wife with improperly associating with other men. He never slept with a drawn sword in the bed, nor had he threatened to stab her. He never threatened to murder any one. The above interview was the only one he ever had with the defendant. On the night of the 30th June, about eleven o'clock when about to open his door with a latch key, he found a man lounging against it. The latter said, "Is your name Hall?" Plaintiff replied, "Yes, what do you want of me?" The man said, "Some of your friends have got a supper, and are very jolly, and want you to come and join them." (Laughter.) Plaintiff said, "You must make a mistake, you cannot mean me." When he put the key in the door he found it was fastened. Another man then placed himself in front of him, saying, "You must go to bed." He threw one arm round plaintiff's back and the other round his waist, and they both, though he struggled desperately, tried to force him into a cab which instantly drew up. He resisted violently, put one arm through the coach-door, and the other through the spokes of the wheel. The neighbours were alarmed and assembled round him. The men said they had a right to take him, and showed a paper which the policeman said he could not read by that light. He insisted upon being taken to the station, and when there he said to the inspector, "These men say they have authority to take me. Be kind enough to look at it." He did so, and said, "Yes, Mr. Hall, it is a legal document, and I would advise you to go quietly with them." Plaintiff acted on that advice, got into the cab, the men with him, and they drove towards Fulham. They stopped at a public house on the road, and one of them said, "You gave us a pretty good basting, and we are getting thirsty, and should like something to drink." They had some brandy and water, and he some beer; but, thinking something might have been put into the porter, he threw it out of the cab window. (Laughter.) He paid for what was had. Plaintiff was taken to Maudslayi House Asylum, Fulham. He got there between twelve and one o'clock, and he was placed in a ward amongst a lot of other madmen—(laughter)—where there were madmen. He had no communication with his friends until his daughter brought him a clean shirt. His friends had previously been forbidden to see him; and on that day he was examined for an hour by the Commissioners in Lunacy, after which Mr. Elliott, the keeper of the asylum, who had behaved very kindly to him, told him he was discharged, and invited him, as he had been so worried, to spend a few days with him at Worting, which he did. On his return home he was subjected to renewed annoyances by his wife. On the 27th of September Dr. Webb came and examined him, and afterwards the defendant called. Instructions were given in August for this action, and when the defendant called plaintiff went up-stairs, as his attorney had advised him to hold no communication with the defendant. When, however, he got up-stairs and looked round he found the defendant behind him (laughter). Defendant said, "Now, don't run away, poor fellow, I am not going to hurt you," patting him on the back. (Laughter.) He pushed by him, went down again into the shop, and sent for two of his neighbours. When they arrived he said to the defendant, "Now, Dr. Semple, anything you have to say you can say it in the presence of these gentlemen." Plaintiff's friends on the defendant's speaking, pushed the plaintiff aside saying, "You had better say nothing." He heard his wife say to Dr. Semple, "Can't I take goods out of the shop and pawn them?" On which the defendant said, "Yes, Mrs. Hall, certainly, you can do what you like," upon which plaintiff got nearer the door, as he felt inclined to make a reply. His wife that day summoned him to Marlborough-street for an assault which charge was false. Dr. Semple and three other medical men attended. Underneath the pillow of his wife's bed (she had absented herself from him for six years) the following certificate was found:

"I her by certify that Mrs. Hall is an ill-used woman, and that there is no truth in the infamous charges brought against her, but that she deserves the sympathy of her friends and of the public." It was signed by defendant. He was bound over by the magistrate in his own recognizance of 100 to keep the peace. The plaintiff said he was bound over to keep the peace on his wife's false representations before the magistrate.

A number of witnesses were called, including the plaintiff's married daughter, in corroboration of his statement. They all stated that the plaintiff was of sound mind, and had not shown the least signs of insanity. The daughter corroborated the father with regard to the wife's pawing the goods and his finding forty duplicates on one occasion under her bed, and denied that he had ever ill-treated her. When her father complained of the pawing of the goods her mother would run out into the street, make a noise, and collect a crowd. The pawnbroker was called, and stated that for four years the plaintiff's wife had been in the habit of pledging new goods. At last he refused to take any more in consequence of information he had received.

Dr. Griffiths, who had known the plaintiff's parents, and had attended the plaintiff since his birth, deposed to his perfect sanity, and to the wife having frequently asked him to certify that the plaintiff was of unsound mind.

For the defence it was stated that the defendant had no motive for what he had done, and that he only acted as a medical man called in on the particular occasion. He did not undertake to prove that Mr. Hall was insane; but what he had done he had done honestly, and if that were established he was not liable in this action.

The plaintiff's wife was called: She charged her husband with cruelty all through her married life. It commenced the first month after their marriage. He had deserted her and neglected her in every way. He left her a year and nine months after the marriage. After the second child was born, he stripped the place, left her, and she did not see him again for eleven months. He kicked her when in the family-way, and said he hoped the child might be born without eyes or arms as a judgment upon her, because he hated her so. She gave him no provocation. When she complained of his being out two or three nights a week she said she was a weak-spirited woman to live with him. In consequence of his threats they had slept apart for eight years. She had frequently told him that he was out of his mind, and that she would be obliged to have him confined in a lunatic asylum. He had for years slept with a drawn sword by the side of the bed. He would get crowds round the door, saying, "Here she is, drunk again, drunk again. Go up-stairs, there's a good woman. You have just had one pint of brandy, and there is plenty up-stairs."

In cross-examination, she said that she believed her husband was insane shortly after their marriage, and she had considered so ever since. Mr. Bendon had bound her over on three occasions to keep the peace. On the last occasion he told her that if she were bound there again he would send her to prison instead of binding her over to keep the peace. (Laughter.) She had borrowed money and pawned goods for the purpose of the house. She had said that her husband was living in adultery, and she had witnesses to prove that he was living with Miss Cash, a milliner. She was not an old maid, fifty years of age. (Laughter.) [The plaintiff positively denied this in his cross examination.] She had known her husband to be in the Haymarket until five o'clock in the morning. She was not an habitual drunkard. She had known him to drink rum, and she had known him to be drunk. That was the gay life and drunkenness that she complained of in the statement she sent to the lunatic asylum. Verdict for plaintiff—damages £150.

## THE GAROTTING EXCITEMENT.

MR. HAMILTON, the chief of the City detective department, said, at the Mansion House he was anxious to make a few remarks upon the subject of garotting, which was at present exciting the public mind to such an alarming extent. A great many alleged garotte robberies had been reported in the newspapers, and described as having occurred in the City of London, in consequence of which he had caused inquiries to be made into several of the most serious cases, and found that they were wholly untrue. When such fictitious cases as those he referred to were got up, it not only excited and alarmed the public, but it misled the police, whose attention was thereby diverted perhaps from the actual points of danger. He had also inquired at the hospitals, and found from the report of the medical gentlemen there that they had not had a single case of garotting in the City brought under their notice. He had also pushed his inquiries, with the view to ascertain the author of those sensational paragraphs, and had succeeded in obtaining his name; and he had no hesitation in saying that, if he were prosecuted, there would be a very strong case against him for obtaining money of the proprietors of newspapers under false pretences. These false reports had caused the police of the City much trouble and loss of valuable time to no purpose, and he, therefore, felt it to be his duty to make this statement publicly, in order that the public generally might know that the insecurity of the metropolis was not so great as these frequently connected "garotte" cases would lead them to suppose.

Mr. Alderman Besley said Mr. Hamilton was quite right. The public mind had been unnecessarily excited. He was glad Mr. Hamilton had stated this very satisfactory result of his inquiries, as it would tend to allay the excitement now agitating the public mind.

## DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.

THE illustration in page 149, represents the departure from Europe of the Japanese ambassadors on board a French ship of war. These illustrious foreigners have visited the principal countries of Europe, and were present in England at the opening of the International Exhibition. Whilst in France they requested the Emperor to grant them the use of a French vessel of war to carry them back to their native land. This request was complied with, and they recently sailed for Japan.

## THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

THIS annual exhibition of cattle was opened on Saturday for a private view, when the Prince of Wales was present. On Monday it was opened to the general public.

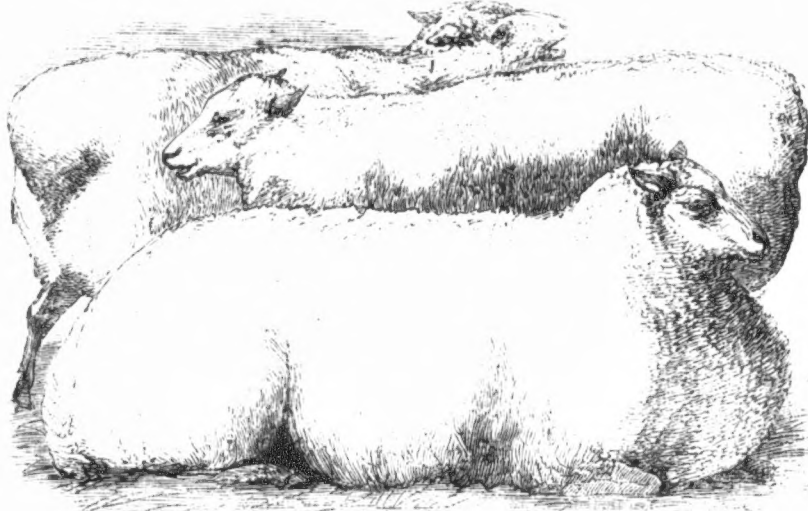
The 180 cattle, as a whole, may be characterized as equaling, though certainly not surpassing, the standard excellence of former occasions. Breeding has become a refined art, and feeding is conducted with wonderful judgment and skill; but while, in combination, they are improving the entire herds of Great Britain, and pushing particular races into pre-eminence, the fact still remains that we are beholden to voluntary feats of nature for these individual animals which now and then astonish us with their perfections. Calves that will grow into noble proportions and rarest beauty are not dropped every day, and, unfortunately, the present year has given us no steer or ox of superlative merit; while Mr. Eastwood's "Rosette" (out of Mr. Wetherell's herd), good as she is, forms a poor substitute for that exquisitely beautiful milk-white heifer of Colonel Towseley, which delighted us as "Beauty's Butterfly." This year is the triumph of the cross-breeds. The £40 silver cup for the best steer or ox in the hall is carried off, not by a shorthorn or Hereford, as usual, but by the produce of a Devon bull and a shorthorn cow, bred and fed by Mr. John Overman, of Barnham-marsh, in Norfolk. And the "reserve number" of the judges was that of a cross-bred shorthorn and polled Scott, which won the highest honour at Birmingham. In appearance, Mr. Overman's steer is like a ruddy Devon of very great size and substance but without the defective hindquarters of that breed. The girth is



## THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.



PRIZE PIGS.



PRIZE SHEEP.

9 ft., or 9 in. less than that of Mr. Stewart's heavier polled cross-bred; but in several points, as in the round and neck-vein, in general beauty and in touch, the winner of the cup is clearly superior.

We can say but a word or two on the very numerous and well-filled sheep classes. It can hardly be in accordance with the club's desire of distinguishing the cheapest and best meat that the £20 silver cup for the best long-wools has gone to Mr. Foljambe's splendid little Leicesters, instead of to Mr. Mills's Cotswolds, of about the same age, but half as heavy again, with as prime mutton. Among the grand pens of South Downs, Lord Wolsingham and the Duke of Richmond were only second to Mr. Rigden, who takes also

the £20 silver cup for the best short-wool sheep. If the perfect symmetry and exquisite finish of the South Downs are astonishing, so also are the great size and weight attained by the Hampshire Downs, by the Shropshire and noble Oxfordshire sheep. Of the latter breed, Mr. Charles Howard, of Bedford, is the champion, and his sheep are certainly most extraordinary for frame, weight, quality and wool.

The pigs made an average show. Mr. Lynn's white pigs, under four months old, are marvels of maturity; Mr. Cattle's "Lincolnshires" are exceedingly fine, and Mr. Baker's black "Hampshires," sixteen months old, winning the gold medal as the best pigs, are uncommonly well-formed and splendidly fed.

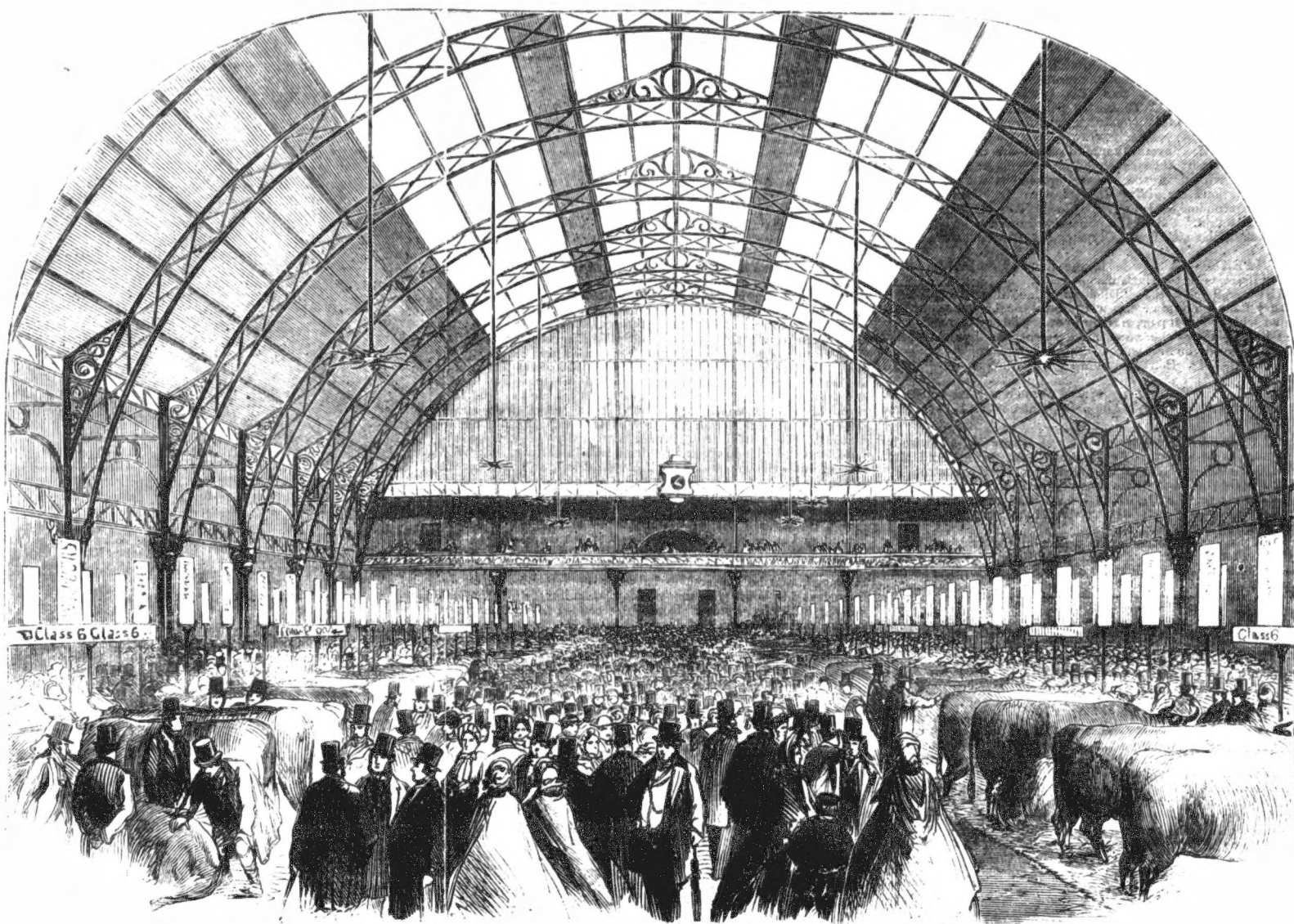
On page 153 is given a group of cattle, selected from among the most remarkable specimens in the show. No. 1 is Mr. Aldworth's Hereford ox, which takes the first prize of £30. No. 3, His Grace the Duke of Beaufort's Scotch steer. No. 5 delineates Mr. Rigden's Southdown sheep; and No. 6, Mr. Foljambe's Leicesters. The artist has availed himself of the space below to introduce engravings of prominent objects in the poultry show, now open at the sister exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Above are likewise illustrations from the Leicester breed of sheep and pigs. No. 1, on 153, is Mr. W. Heath's Devon steer. No. 2, Mr. Hunter's cross-bred heifer. No. 3, the late Prince-Consort's Hereford steer, exhibited by the Hon. A. Hood.



CATTLE.

1. MR. ALDWORTH'S HEREFORD OX. 3. THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S SCOTCH STEER. 5. MR. RIGDEN'S SOUTHDOWN SHEEP. 6. MR. FOLJAMBE'S LEICESTER SHEEP.





INTERIOR OF THE AGRICULTURAL HALL. (See page 157.)



CATTLE.

MR. W. BEATIS' DEVON STEER. 2. MR. HUNTER'S CROSS-FRED FEIFER. 3. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT'S BEEFORD STEER.







POLICE COURT,  
GUILDHALL.

CLARK NEWELL

MAYLEBONE.

WORSHIP STREET

THAMES

LAMBETH

GREENWICH

HAMMERSMITH

**A DELICATE BUSINESS.**—Miss Esther Lee, of Thistle-grove, Brompton, was summoned before Mr. Ingram, by Miss Catherine Nelson, for unlawfully detaining a letter. The defendant denied having the letter in her possession, and said she had sent it through the post to the writer, Captain Barclay, Army and Navy Club. It appeared from the statement of the complainant that she recently lodged in the defendant's house, but in consequence of a dispute between them she left. The letter in question was sent through the post to her to the defendant's house, and when she applied for it she refused to deliver it to her. The defendant said the letter was delivered at her house and taken in by mistake, and she refused to give it to Miss Nelson in consequence of her abusive language. Mr. Martin, who appears for the complainant, submitted that the defendant was liable to punishment, under the Consolidated Post-office Acts, for retaining the letter. Mr. Ingram said that, according to the defendant's statement, she had sent the letter back. The defendant then produced evidence to show that the letter addressed to Miss Nelson had been received and sent to Captain Barclay, 3rd Dragoon, Army and Navy Club. The complainant suggested that the letter had been deposited with the defendant, and that which she sent to him was known from whom it had been sent. Mr. Ingram said he had no doubt Miss Lee was not abusive going into the complainant's bedroom and peeping into her correspondence. The complainant said if the letter had been returned that was all she required. The defendant said Captain Barclay was at Canterbury, and he would be very much annoyed at having his name so publicly exposed. Mr. Ingram told her that she was the person who had introduced his name. The summons was then dismissed, his worship stating to the complainant that it was not in his power to give her any assistance.



## MONTENEGRO AND ITS INHABITANTS.

We here give a portrait of a native of this interesting country. It is a chief of the *Uscoques* of Roudina. The meanings of some of the Montenegrin names are very peculiar—Vuko Golouba, for instance. In the Servian language *Vuko* signifies the wolf, and *Goloubo*, dove. This name describes, not inaptly, what this formidable savage, the chief of the *Uscoques* of Roudina is. This chief, therefore, is *wolf-dove*; and we leave our readers to draw their own inferences from his peculiar physiognomical expressions.

The name *Uscoque*, illustrated by the long warfare carried on against Venice, and popularized by a certain novel writer, means simply in the Servian language, which the Montenegrins speak, "he who has escaped" (to a place of shelter); in other words, a refugee. Whosoever takes up arms against the Turkish authority or against the lord of the village, whoever has reason to prefer liberty in the mountains to repose and abundance in the plains, with a long train of oppressions and hardships, makes himself a *Uscoque* on the frontiers. The chief of the *Uscoques*, therefore, in one respect, resembles David of old before he became king, when he gathered around him those who were discontented, those who were in debt, and all those who were in affliction.

## THE INUNDATIONS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

THE illustration in this page represents some portion of the destruction caused to property by the recent inundations in the south of France. Houses have been swept away and whole villages threatened with destruction.

It is an interesting fact that these inundations were predicted some time ago by an authentic meteorologist, M. de la Drome. The Algerian journals contest the claim of M. Mathieu de la Drome to the priority in announcing the late floods in the south of France and Italy. These papers assert that M. Bulard, the director of the observatory at Algiers, has for several years predicted similar events, which have been more frequently realized. They add that M. Bulard predicted on the 30th of October with mathematical precision the heavy rains which fell in the month of November.

## PRINCE ALFRED AND THE THRONE OF GREECE.

THE following from an Athens letter, gives an account of the proceedings of a procession that went to the English ambassador's house:—

"About nine p.m. the signal for starting being given, the patrol of infantry taking the lead and the cavalry closing the rear, the crowd began to move. Wishing to have a view of the procession, I hastened my step and took up a position lower down in the main street, where the cortege was to pass. The place was only a few hundred yards lower down, but by the time the procession passed the crowd had doubled. This was effected in the simplest manner. As it approached, the people, who had come out of their houses, lighted their candles or torches and fell in; while the by-stands, now thoroughly awake, sent their contingent. The grocers' shops on the passage carried on a lively trade in wax and tallow, for there were numbers who had not prepared their lights, and had to content themselves with the usual wax tapers which are burnt in the churches. While the male portion of the population went down to swell the crowd, the female portion approved the proceedings by coming out on the balconies, bringing out lights, waving handkerchiefs, and joining in the *zets*. It was my first opportunity of witnessing the performances of the popular throat of Athens, and I must say it was very creditable. Of course the occasion did not admit of those mad bursts of enthusiasm which greeted the liberators of Lombardy at Milan, or those hysteric cries which Palermo raised at the departure of the last Neapolitan soldier, but I don't remember to have heard a more sustained and equal energy in cheering. If the Greeks show the same tenacity in political action which they evinced in shouting it will augur well for a people which cherishes such ambitious designs. In order to avoid placing the British minister in an embarrassing position a tacit agreement existed not

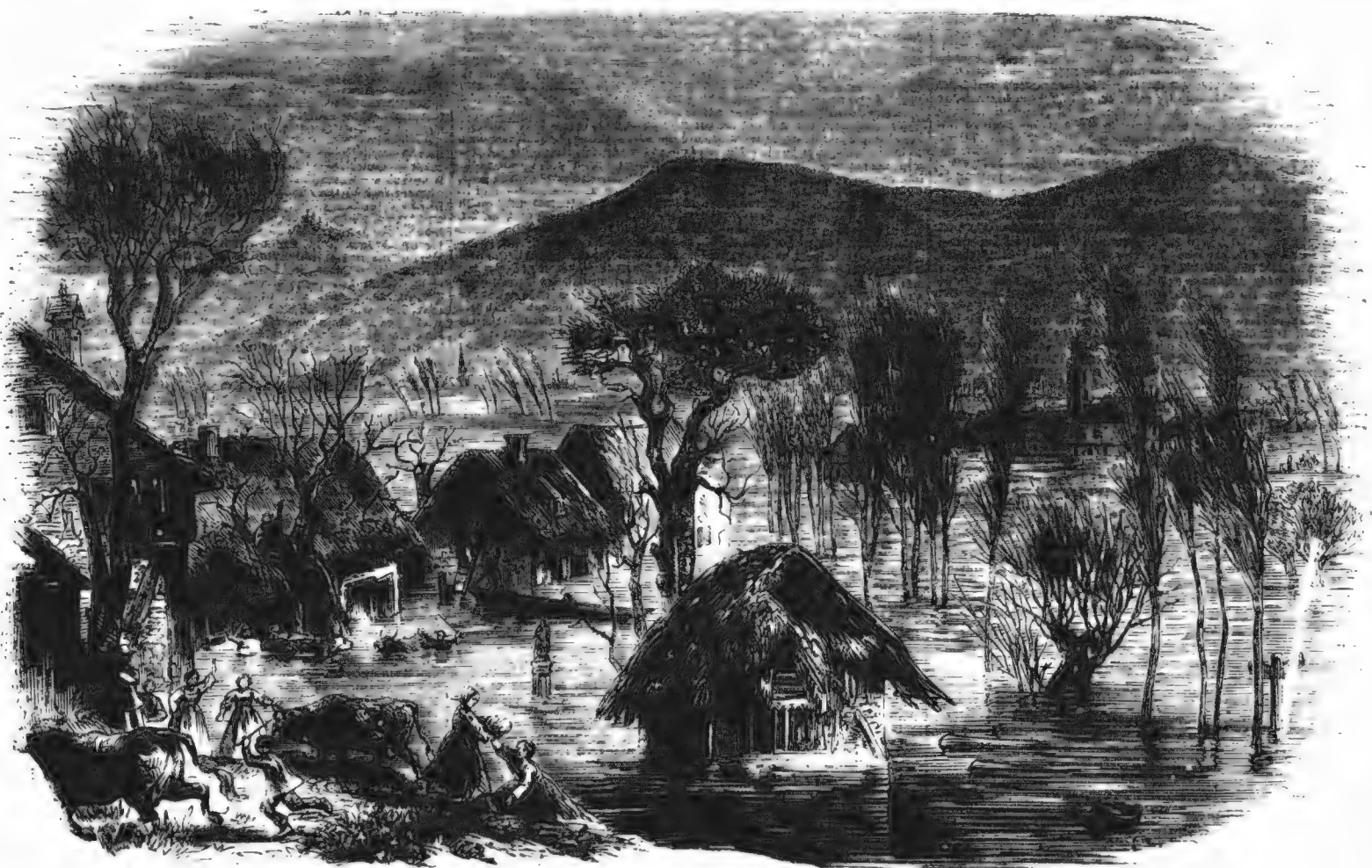


CHIEF OF THE USCOQUES OF ROUDINA.

to bring the crowd before the Legation, but was it to be expected that a crowd improvised as it had been on this occasion was likely to abstain from bringing, as it were, the demonstration to a point. Yet the first cross street which leads to the legation was passed, and the procession continued its way along the main street. It was only to gather strength, and enlist new recruits on its passage through the town. Half an hour afterwards the crowd debouched from behind the Ministry of Finance

which occupies one side of the square in which the legation lies. It had more than doubled since I had seen it last, and formed a dense mass of 2,000 or 3,000 people of all classes which spread all over the open space which divides the legation from the garden in the centre of the square. Other carriages had joined, and officers on horseback. The sight, too, of the object of their pilgrimage seemed to impart new energy to the crowd; the pace quickened until it was nearly a rush, as if the intention was to carry the legation by storm. The boldest pressed up the very steps of the building, while the others shouted with an energy which showed a determination not to go away so soon, and without being heard and answered. In the meantime, there seemed little disposition on the part of the legation to take any notice of the proceedings. The Venetian blinds were hermetically closed and but faint lights visible; but the crowd was evidently not inclined to be put off so easily, and continued to cheer energetically. To come out on the balcony or not to come out was really a question, but it could be so only for a moment. It would have been not diplomatic reserve, but positive rudeness, to ignore and reject that spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling which manifested itself unasked. Mr. Scarlett is too thorough a gentleman to be guilty of such rudeness, and, being conscious of not having in any way encouraged the demonstration, he was above any ill-natured insinuations and gossip, which, besides, were sure to be made in any case. Feeling, therefore, the crowd in earnest, he had the doors opened and came out on the balcony, accompanied by several gentlemen, who happened to spend the evening there. His appearance was the signal for an outburst: torches were raised, blue and red lights burnt, while the crowd, shouting and vociferating, pointed to the picture representing Prince Alfred. The most eloquent harangue would have been less touching and impressive than this instinctive childish way of the crowd to bring home its wishes. But neither would the crowd have been a Greek crowd had it been content with the mere apparition of the British minister without hearing something from him; so soon the shouting was hushed, and nothing remained but to address it. Fortunately Mr. Bondours, an ex-deputy of the late Opposition, happened to be present, and he undertook to tell the crowd that Mr. Scarlett 'thanked them for the sympathy they showed for the nation he had the honour to represent.' After these few words the minister retired and the crowd began to move as every one thought, homeward. But nothing was further from its intention. The words which had been spoken contained no answer to the demand which brought them there, and they were resolved to hear something more, so they went off to fetch one of the military bands, and, recruiting the strength of the cortege all the way, returned half an hour afterwards more numerous and better prepared than ever. After shouting long enough to bring out again Mr. Scarlett, silence was restored, and the spokesman, an officer of artillery, explained in a few words that they had come there to express the desire of the people to have Prince Alfred as future King of Greece. Mr. Scarlett answered, that 'he was not authorized to offer an opinion on the subject to which they alluded, but that he could assure them that England wished Greece all happiness and prosperity.' Not the most sophisticated diplomatist could find anything to cavil with in these words, and yet the crowd seemed pleased, for it was no refusal, and left the question open, which is a great point for all people—above all, sanguine Greeks. So the crowd moved off, this time for good, but long after it had disappeared, and the square had sunk back into darkness, the distant shouts indicated that the thing was still kept up."

At a complimentary banquet given to the mayor and ex-sheriff of Nottingham, on Thursday week, a letter was read from the Duke of Newcastle, excusing himself from being present on account of ill-health. His grace said: "I would not suffer any personal inconvenience to prevent my attendance on such an occasion; but my health has been far from good for some weeks, and I have been strictly enjoined by my medical man to avoid public dinners and hot rooms, as well as to abstain from unnecessary exertion."



INUNDATION IN FRANCE.



## GENERAL FOREY.

GENERAL FOREY, the Commander of the First French Corps of the army now in Mexico, was born at Paris, January 10, 1804. He was educated at the College of Dijon, under the direction of his uncle, an engineer of considerable eminence. Young Forey, soon manifesting a taste for the military profession, entered upon a course of study preparatory to active service in 1822, and had as his associate Beuret, whose name is again connected with that of Forey in the victory of Montebello. On the 1st of October, 1824, he was appointed a Lieutenant of the Second Corps of the line. His conduct as a soldier attracted the attention of his superiors, and in 1830 he was sent to Algeria, where he distinguished himself in the campaigns of that year. In the various actions which ensued he took an important part, receiving from each successive engagement advancement in his profession as an acknowledgment of the services he rendered to his country. In 1854, in the capacity of lieutenant-colonel, he had charge of the division of reserve of the French army of the East, and displayed the qualities of a brave soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol. On his return to Paris at the conclusion of the Crimean war he was appointed Commander of the province of Orad, and before leaving the French capital for his new post he was appointed Commander of the First Division of the Parisian Army. When his Majesty Louis Napoleon determined on extirpating the Austrians from Italy, General Forey was naturally selected as the general of a division, and has proved, especially by his daring conduct at the battle of Montebello, that he was worthy of the honourable post to which he was appointed. By a decree of the Emperor, dated May 21, General Forey had the distinction of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour conferred upon him. General Forey has recently been appointed to the command of the French army in Mexico.

Our portrait is after a photograph by M.M. Mayer and Pierron, and is considered a faithful likeness of the gallant general.



GENERAL FOREY.

## DEATH FROM PRUSSIC ACID.

On Monday evening, Dr. Lankester held an inquest touching the death of Constance Vanden Alleele, a foreigner aged thirty-three years, who died at the house No. 90, Newman-street, Oxford-street, on the previous Thursday evening, under very melancholy circumstances. The first witness examined was M. Bernard Zucatti Bulliotte, who deposed that the deceased had lived for some months in his employment as housekeeper; that she left his service three or four months ago, and went to live at the house No. 67, in the same street; and that on Wednesday she came and applied to him to allow her to occupy an apartment in his house. He did so, telling her at the same time that, as he was about to leave this country, he could only give her temporary accommodation. She went up to a bedroom in his house on the Wednesday afternoon, and, as she did not come down on Thursday, he proceeded to the room about seven o'clock on the evening of the latter day, when he found her in her night-dress, leaning against the side of the bed and working in violent convulsions. Observing at her feet a small bottle labelled "Essence of almonds—poison," he raised an alarm, called for milk and vinegar, and sent for doctors. He poured quantities of milk down her throat, and Mr. Harding, surgeon, and another medical gentleman were speedily in attendance, but she died within an hour. He had no doubt that she had taken the poison herself. Why she had done so he knew not. This witness was closely cross-examined by some of the jury, but all they elicited from him was that he was unmarried, kept a housekeeper and another servant, and sometimes let out portions of his house. The next witness was a girl named Fanny Clarke, who said she was servant in the house No. 67, Newman-street, which was kept by Madame Derner, a dressmaker. There were young ladies in the house working. She could not tell how many; she thought three or four. They also worked at the dressmaking. Some of them lived in the house. Madame Constance, the deceased, was housekeeper there for the three or four months previously to the Wednesday. Witness lived as servant to Mr. Bulliotte when Constance was his housekeeper. In the beginning of the week the deceased purchased a marrow-bone, and asked witness to buy her two ounces of castor-oil and sixpennyworth of the essence of almonds. She did so, and the chemist who sold her the latter marked it "poison." The bottle found at deceased's feet was the one which contained it. Previously to Madame Constance leaving No. 67, she had partly made the marrow which she had extracted from the bone into a pomade. For some weeks deceased had cried incessantly, and complained of headache. Witness had no master at No. 67; but she sometimes saw Mr. Bulliotte there. Bertha Wetzel, a native of Berlin, was examined through M. Albert, the interpreter. She said she was one of the ladies in the house 67, Newman-street. Each of the ladies there had "a friend." Deceased was housekeeper there. She also had "a friend." Constance had frequently told her that her life was a burden to her, and about three weeks ago she asked witness whether she would like to take poison with her. Witness declined. Shortly before Constance left the house she heard loud words between her and some other person, but she was in her own room at the time, and could not tell who that other person was. Constance had been crying perpetually for some time, but, on being asked the cause, said she could not tell. Mr. Harding, M.R.C.S., proved that the cause of death was hydrocyanic (prussic) acid, contained in essence of oil of bitter almonds. This witness explained that the latter article need not of necessity contain the hydrocyanic acid, and that when it did not it was not only free from poison but also better perfume than when it contained that deadly poison. He had made several experiments on dogs, and found that in no case did the essence of almonds without the prussic acid kill the animal, while four drachms of it with that acid killed one within an hour, and five drachms killed a very strong dog instantaneously. Dr. Lankester concurred in Mr. Harding's opinion, and observed that since a better perfume could be had from essence not containing the poison, there was no reason why any that did contain it should continue to be sold. In this case the chemist had marked "poison" on the bottle containing the essence; but probably it was that word which suggested to the deceased to make use of what she had purchased for a perfume as a means of destroying life. It was notorious that the poisonous essence was very generally sold. The jury found that "Constance Vanden Alleele committed suicide by taking essence of bitter almonds containing hydrocyanic acid, and that when she did so she was in an unsound state of mind."

We understand that the successor of Rear-Admiral the Hon. George Grey, admiral superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, will be Rear-Admiral George Elliot.

## THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON: AND SMITH-FIELD CLUB SHOW.

The site of land on which the hall (a representation of which appears in page —) is erected immediately faces Islington-green, extends westward to the Liverpool-road, and is within a few hundred yards of the Angel, at Islington. It has entrances from all sides. Its central position, as regards the various railway termini (with all of which it is in direct communication by means of the New-road) renders it well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. The first stone was laid on the 5th of November, 1861. The western facade—that in the Liverpool-road—is the principal; and here there are two lofty towers and a bold carriage entrance. The construction is of yellow brick, with lands and arches of red bricks. At the eastern end, facing Islington-green, there is an archway of brickwork, similar in character, with a covered way leading from it to the hall. The main hall, with a vaulted roof of iron and glass, is 384 feet in length by 217 feet in breadth, in three spans; the span of the central portion of the glass roof, which is seventy-six feet in height, is about 125 feet. This hall is surrounded by galleries thirty-six feet in width, approached by five sets of double staircases, each ten feet wide. There is also a minor hall 100 feet square. One thousand tons of iron are used in its construction, and the roofing contains nine miles of iron sash-bars, upwards of one acre of glass, and two acres of slating, whilst the space afforded by the galleries is considerably above an acre. The towers referred to are constructed with a view to assist ventilation. The iron pillars which support the central portions of the fabric form draining tubes from the roof to the basement, and the draining appliance beneath. A reservoir, capable of containing 5,000 gallons of water, has been erected, with which hydrants are connected in various parts of the building, so that, in cases of fire or any other requirements, they can be immediately made available. The hall is lighted with nearly 4,000 jets of gas. There are suspended from the roof on each side seven large star chandeliers, each with forty-eight burners. In the galleries there are twenty-two star chandeliers with twenty-four burners, and the same under the galleries. In addition to this, sixty small stars, with twenty-four burners, light the sheep-pens and assist in lighting the galleries. The bullock-rails has to each alternate standard a branch with six lights. In the minor hall there are ten star chandeliers, each with twenty-four burners.

## FRENCH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES AT COURT.

The theatrical company at Compiègne is very numerous, and its members are as hospitably treated as were at Versailles the comedians who performed Molière's plays before Louis Quatorze. They all travelled from Paris in a special train, consisting of first-class carriages, no matter whether they were scene-shifters, stage-carpeters, mutes, or prompters. As they set out at about three in the afternoon, they reached their destination about four, when a dinner, served on two tables, awaited them in an immense dining hall. Around one table were placed the *etat major* of the company, such as the director, stage-manager, actors, actresses, author or authors of the pieces they were to act in the course of the evening, and the principal members of the orchestra. The others dined at the second table. But all were given the same dishes, the same wines and served with equally fine linen, porcelain, and silver, as well as provided with the same number of attendants. Cigars and coffee were handed round after the cloth was removed in two *sacons*, where, after they had dined, the two sets retired for half an hour, at the end of which they proceeded along a seemingly interminable passage to the theatre, where the play appointed for the same evening was rehearsed till half-past seven. At half-past eight the Em-

peror and Empress made their appearance, which was the signal for the performance to commence. When it was finished the theatrical company were again conducted to the *salle a manger* in which they dined, where a champagne supper awaited them.

## A CASE OF CRIM. CON. AT LIVERPOOL.

The lovers of gossip in a certain suburban locality in the vicinity of this town, where the elegant mansions of our wealthy "merchant princes" peer above the rich foliage of a gentle slope to the banks of the Mersey, have, during the last few weeks, had ample material for tattle in a case which will soon occupy the attention of the Divorce Court. It appears, from what rumour says, that a gentleman highly connected has for years been married to an accomplished and beautiful woman from the ranks of our merchant princes, but no issue has been the result of their union. Within the last few months, however, there appeared every evidence that the lady would not long remain childless. The husband suspecting from some cause that all was not right, made inquiries as to what persons had been visitors during his absence, and was told that no other than a near relative ever saw the mistress during the period he was from home. Feeling, however, still uneasy in mind, he resolved to test his wife's fidelity, and accordingly took a house in a not very remote watering-place. In a few days after they had arrived at this quiet resort for the wealthy, the husband received a letter upon urgent business which required that he should be from home for several days. Every preparation was made for his immediate departure, and the "truthful, loving wife" was foremost in attending to the requirements of the journey. The departure had all the appearance of fact about it; but one of the servants was placed in possession of the secret that this was a *ruse* to test the accuracy of certain suspicions. During the day upon which the gentleman had undertaken his supposed journey the lady despatched a missive to a person in Liverpool, who, it is said, is her cousin. Under the "shades of evening" the husband entered the house while his wife and her near relative were in the drawing-room. By the aid of his servant the husband reached his bedroom unknown to any one else, and at once secreted himself under the bed. At the usual hour of retiring to rest the servants were told that they were not again required that night, and that she (the mistress) would "let out" Mr—. About midnight the two participants in crime entered the bedroom, and the husband emerged from his hiding place when they had retired together. He at once aroused the domestics, proved to them his wife's infidelity, and turned her and her relation out of doors. These are a few of the particulars of what will form a case for divorce before Sir Cresswell Cresswell in a few weeks. Both parties are said to be highly connected, and no doubt when the matter is brought before the Divorce Court it will create a great sensation in this town and neighbourhood.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

## A CONVICT CLERGYMAN.

At Nottingham assizes the Rev. Thomas Cartwright, a clergyman of the Church of England, aged thirty-one, curate of St. Mary's Nottingham, was charged with forging and uttering a bill of exchange for 20*l.* upon Mr. Peter Drummond, of Stirling, in August last. The prisoner took the forged bill to a bill discounter named Hudson. The latter, suspecting it not to be genuine, communicated with Mr. Drummond, who at once pronounced it to be a forgery. Prisoner told Hudson that the bill was paid to him for literary services on the *British Messenger*. Mr. Herbert prosecuted, and Mr. Cave defended the prisoner. The prisoner, on being formally charged, said, "I am guilty, but without intention to defraud." The judge said he could not accept the plea, and directed the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty. The prisoner then pleaded guilty. Mr. Cave, for the defence, said that the prisoner deeply regretted the commission of the offence. He had occupied a very respectable position in society. Besides his curacy, the prisoner used to write for various magazines. Owing to his brother being pressed for money the prisoner put his hand to this bill which he intended to take up when it was due. The Rev. Canon Brooks, Alderman Bradley, and the Rev. P. Addiman gave the prisoner an excellent character. Mr. Baron Bramwell sentenced the prisoner to three years' penal servitude. He appeared greatly distressed, and seemed to feel his position acutely.

## LIFE AND DEATH IN SHOREDITCH.—A MODEL WORK-HOUSE OFFICIAL.

An inquiry was held by Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, at the Black Horse Tavern, Kingsland-road, respecting the death of Martha Huish, aged seventy-four.

The deceased was a widow of a furrier, at 32, Willow-street, Shoreditch, and lived in a room with another woman. Her sole means of living were 1*s.* 6*d.* per week, and a loaf of bread from the union. Her son had some time since allowed her 1*s.* per fortnight, but he discontinued that allowance, and she fell into great penury. She died suddenly. Mr. Waller, the coroner's officer, requested Mr. Hildew, relieving-officer of St. Leonard's, to remove the body, so that the other woman, Mrs. Sarah Files, might not have to sleep with the corpse. Mr. Hildew merely replied, "Let the woman put out her fire" (it had been said that typhus fever might be the result if the body was left where a fire was). Mrs. Files had consequently to live with the corpse, and the room being small, she had to leave. At night she slept on the floor, as she occupied the only bed.

The jury indignantly asked Mr. Hildew how he would have liked himself to sleep with a corpse, and he replied, "That was quite a different thing. He had not transgressed the law. It was not part of his instructions to remove the body, which had been removed to the dead-house, might have caused typhus fever to have broken out." (Laughter.)

Dr. Leonard said that there was no fear of contagion, as the dead-house was one of the best constructed in London.

The coroner said that the relieving-officer's conduct was disgraceful, and that though he might have acted according to the strict letter of the law, he had been guilty of great inhumanity.

The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from extravasation of blood on the brain, and that the jury consider the conduct of Mr. Hildew most unfeeling, and request the coroner to bring the facts of this verdict to the notice of the board of guardians."

The official declaration of the poll for Southampton election was made on Saturday at the Guildhall, when Mr. Sheriff Brinton announced the numbers of votes polled for each candidate to be as follows:—For Lord Mayor Rose, 1,715; for Captain Mangles, 1,547; majority for the Lord Mayor, 68.



## Literature.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

## CONFESSIONS OF A CRIMINAL.

IN a large city in the South of Germany, there lived, many years ago, a judge, who had been prior to the surname of "The Just." By him, the low as well as the high, the poor as well as the rich, were sure to be judged and redressed. He drew forth guilt from its most secret haunts, and punished without respect of persons. Some there were, it is true, who found fault with him for being too severe, and exhorted him to be merciful. "It is the duty of a judge," he would reply, "to be just, not merciful;" and in these words he uttered a grand truth. Mercy is, commonly, weakness, and clemency is often the greatest injustice. Others, again, charged him with cruelty, not considering that this was the fault of the laws, which then decreed much more painful punishments than are deemed expedient in our milder age. A third party accused him of a love for the bottle; and this allegation, though not absolutely true, was, unluckily, not absolutely false. It did certainly, sometimes happen that in the social circle he was induced to take a glass more than his head, weakened by nocturnal vigils and close applications to business, was able to bear; though it is equally true that he very seldom yielded to such temptations.

His evenings this judge would generally spend in visiting the gaols, and conversing with the prisoners, by which he won their confidence, and acquired an accurate knowledge of the human heart. There he learned that one and the same crime may, in different individuals, originate in totally different motives; that a delinquent is not always led on step by step to the deed by which he forfeits his life, but that sometimes a single moment, in which he loses his trust in God, renders the unfortunate wretch ripe for the scaffold.

One evening, he went to see a culprit, who, as an incendiary and murderer of two persons, was to expire his guilt the next day upon the wheel. He expected to find the wretched man in wild despair, or absorbed in sullen reverie; but was not a little surprised when he walked coolly up to him, took him by the hand, and thanked him for bestowing a moment on an unfortunate creature in the last hours of his life. The judge expressed his sorrow to see him in such a situation. "I am astonished at it myself," replied the prisoner. "I was just considering what it really was that brought me hither. You may look, sir; but believe me, notwithstanding all you know from the proceedings, you are not yet acquainted with the circumstance that had most influence on my fate. If you can spare a few minutes—"

The judge seated himself beside the straw couch of the prisoner, who thus began:—"I was one of the wealthiest tailors in this city; while others were wholly unemployed, I was only puzzled how to satisfy all my customers. My success excited universal envy and emula. I strove, indeed, to benefit some of my less fortunate colleagues and divided my work among them as well as I could; but the more my trade increased, the greater was the hostility raised against me on all sides. Meanwhile, I quietly pursued my way, neither doing nor fearing any harm, but one of my profession, who by vicious courses had reduced himself to poverty, had vowed to ruin, little as I deserved it at his hands. Too soon did he find an opportunity of executing his base design. The lady of a high officer of state was about to give a grand entertainment; the stuff for a new dress, which had been ordered from a great distance, arrived only the preceding day. I fell to work on it with all my men, and finished before the appointed hour. With a light heart, I hastened away to try it on, and to my consternation, found it totally spoiled. One of my people, bribed for the purpose, had secretly cut two or three stripes out of it. The lady was beside herself with rage, and even threatened me with the Hon. of Correction. I sneaked away unobserved in the confusion well aware that I must never enter that house again; but I was far from imagining that the revenge of a disappointed woman could be carried so far as hers was. In a short time I lost all my best customers."

I submitted to my lot with resignation, knowing that my misfortunes were brought not upon me by any fault of my own. My wife, however, tormented me late and early, with the keenest reproaches, ceased to pay attention to her domestic concerns, and to spite me, launched out into greater expenses than before. I was soon brought to poverty. People advised me to sue for a divorce; but I deemed this an un-Christian proceeding, and was unwilling to deprive my children of their mother. My creditors, at length, came upon me, seized my handsome house, sold my garden, in which I took great delight, and left me nothing but the clothes on my back, and some bedding which I begged for my poor innocents. Even this stroke I bore with fortitude. I removed to a small house in the suburbs, supported myself by my work as well as I could, and might yet have enjoyed happy days, had not my wife turned this hotel into a hell."

"And why did you not seek redress of me?" asked the judge.

"I did, sir; but pardon me, you are, after all, but man, and cannot penetrate the intricacies of all things. You did not indeed, dismiss me without consolation; you promised to assist me but my inauspicious fate decreed otherwise. When I left my strength was exhausted by hunger and despair. I went to a tavern, the keeper of which owed me money; he did not pay me, and served me with adulterated wine. The intoxicating beverage confused my weak head; I reeled home, and found the unnatural mother beating my youngest, my favorite child, in the most cruel manner, because it cried for bread. I seized her and thrust her furiously against the wall. During the scuffle, the child was thrown down, and its head struck with violence against a bench. The screams brought in

some persons who were passing; they parted us and held me fast. My wife, alarmed, the children cried, the neighbours inveighed against me, while I sat as if I had been deprived of reason and wine both of sense and strength. At this moment you, sir, entered the room. A person came against me. Instead of granting me redress, you sent me to prison for a week, as a brawler and a drunkard."

A gloom overspread the features of the judge, and after a brief pause, he begged the prisoner to proceed. "No sooner," resumed the latter, "was I released from confinement than the great dearth befell the country. Ah! sir, how much might he said on that subject! But you, and those who have never known want, would not understand me. I worked night and day, but, good God! what availed it? Our distress was extreme. My wife lay ill of decline, the eldest boy had severely wounded his hand by falling on a glass bottle, and two little girls were crying with cold. We had neither fuel, bread, nor money."

When I saw my children perishing with hunger and cold, my anguish was keener. I am sure, then it will be to-morrow when I am going to the place of execution. At night, on my wretched pallet, I was still more miserable; scarcely did I close my eyes, when I was awakened by the mourning of the poor children, who could not sleep for hunger. In this state we languished for a quarter of a year, by which time I had been obliged to sell everything, even to my last shirt. My wife was in her coffin; my boy, from the wrong treatment of an ignorant surgeon, was condemned to this arm; my landlord threatened to turn me out; my creditors loaded me with insult and outrage. I ran like a maniac out at the gate of the city. A voice seemed to whisper to me, 'Behold, to preserve your children, I shuddered and ran on, as if striving to escape from myself. For your children! for your poor starving children!' I resounded incessantly in my ears. I felt on my knees. 'No,' cried, 'I will beg rather than turn robber. I must have a dollar; if I can collect so much, I will take it for a sign that I must not rob.' Ah! full well do I now know that this was wicked, that it was tempting God; but then I was incapable of reflection. I stationed myself by the road-side. At first I was tolerably successful; some compassionate persons put their hands in their pockets, but they had only coin of the lowest denomination to throw into my hat. A gentleman superbly dressed with a large star on his bosom, presently passed by. I must take courage, thought I; farthings will go but a very little way. I asked for the value of six pence."

"Can you give me change for a double louis-d'or, my friend?" scornfully replied the stranger, and pursued his way. A little country boy came up; he probably discovered my distress in my countenance; he gave me a piece of bread which he held in his hand, and then reached me a full bottle that he was carrying to his father. Ah! how delicious did this refreshment seem to me! Indeed it did me good to my bleeding heart than to my craving stomach. The benevolence of this boy ought, I confess, to have inspired me with better thoughts, but I was already too hardened. No sooner was he gone, than a splendid equipage passed along the road. Reckless from despair, I threw myself in its way, and implored the lady in the carriage to bestow on me half a guilder, to save four human lives."

"Independent wretch!" cried she; "go sleep and get sober, and then work or starve!" Her lac-dor barked furiously; the coachman cut at me with his whip; one of the horses brushed against me, and threw me down, and the carriage drove off.

"One more trial!" I exclaimed, gnashing my teeth, "and then—then—"

"It was not long before a man rode up on a stately horse," I said, holding of the bridle.

"A robber!" exclaimed the rider.

"Not so, sir," said I, with a mild and look and manner as if I could command; and with my trembling, indeed, it might have been seen that I was not a practised villain; "only an unfortunate man, whom a guilder would save from destruction."

"A guilder for nothing sound!" cried the rider; "how long have you dared to impose a tax on travellers?"

"I implored him once more to give me half a guilder—a few groshen—and at last fell on my knees, and solicited the smallest donation, that I might not wholly respect of the mercy of God and man."

"Not a troler," cried the cruel man, galloping away.

"Soundred!" I ejaculated aloud; "be it so, then, but be my guilt upon his head!"

"Not far off stood a detached farm-house; thither I stole as soon as it grew dark. I clambered up, unserved, to a window; entered and peeped about till I found a door, which I opened. By the glimmer of a rush light I perceived an old nurse fast asleep, and a child near her head. I advanced softly, but the old woman awoke, and set up a shriek of terror. I ran to her, and clapped a pillow upon her face; the light was thrown down and set fire to the bed-curtains. The rest you are acquainted with. I meant to take but one dollar—so true as I must appear before my God, I intended to take no more than the worth of a single dollar, and was fated to burn a house, and deprive two fellow-creatures of life. As I escaped unseen, I might have remained undiscovered, but my conscience allowed me no peace. I was constrained to make statement to the laws. They have sentenced me to death, and I die cheerfully. My wretched lot has awakened the hearts of my fellow-creatures, and my unfortunate children. By robbing else than a careful and ignominious death could their father save them from starving. I have done with the world, and in heaven I hope to find a Being who will judge me with mercy, as I forgive from my heart the wrongs done me by men."

"It had the money, probably, which that holy gave for the collar of her lap-dog she might have rescued me from everlasting perdition, and preserved their father to three orphans; and the gentleman on horseback had but needed to take off

his silver spurs to furnish us all with a comfortable subsistence till harvest. Think you not, sir, that this collar and shoe spurs will once weigh heavy, very heavy, in the balance above? I knew the lady well; she was the wife of a high officer of state, the same who, on account of her splendid dress, destroyed the happiness of my whole life; and that horse-man, she was no other than yourself! Nay, start not, I have just finished. You were coming from a convivial party; you may, perhaps, still recollect that the spirited horse which you rode threw you twice running at a very little distance from me."

The judge had meanwhile started from his seat, shuddering with horror. His agitation deprived him of the power of speech. He hurried home, and fell on his knees, beating his breast, and incessantly ejaculating, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Next day, the prisoner underwent the sentence of the law; but early in the morning, before the passing bell tolled, the judge repaired to the royal palace, resigned his office into the hands of the monarch, made over the greatest part of his property to the children of the sufferer, and fled in haste from the city. The unhappy man buried himself in one of the rigid convents, many of which still exist in Germany. There, after the lapse of a few years, death released him from his misery. His last words were "Let none be tardy in doing good: the life of a fellow-creature often hangs upon a minute."

## NEW MUSIC.

**DANISH NATIONAL AIR.**—Transcribed for the piano-forte by Brinsley Richards. Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street. The approaching coronation of the Prince of Wales with the Prince and Alexandra of Denmark, necessarily causes all matters pertaining to Denmark and the Danes to be interesting to the English people. Mr. B. Richards's arrangement of the pretty Danish melody will therefore be welcomed by all pianists, and become a general favourite.

**AD LIBITUM.**—A melody for the piano-forte, by E. A. Fyfe, Cocks and Co.—A pretty air pervades this work. To our juvenile readers we can recommend it.

**GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.**—Song, with chorus, by Brinsley Richards. Cocks and Co.—A really beautiful melody, in the key of A major, within the compass of most voices. Requires but to be heard to become one of the most popular pieces of the day. Emanating from a Welsh writer, and having also the Welsh words, adds to its attractiveness.

**HEAVEN, OUR HOME.**—A sacred song, composed by Topliff, Cocks and Co.—This is in the key of A flat, major. It is interesting; but we prefer some of the writer's previous productions. It is, however, not without merit.

**THE READING GIRD.**—A sacred song. Words by Carpenter; music by W. V. Wallace. Cocks and Co.—The talent of Mr. Wallace has in this song been allied to some beautiful words, which, among the lovers of sacred music, will acquire many admirers.

**THE COTTON POLKA.**—By an eminent composer. Dedicated to the late Lord Mayor, Broome and Co., Holborn-bars.—This polka, in the key of G major, has all the elements, from its simplicity, and from the excellent manner in which the time is marked, to obtain a lasting popularity. Not the least of its recommendations, we must add, being that the entire profits of its sale will be devoted to the relief of the distressed operatives in the north.

**EASY PEOPLE.**—Easy people are the hardest people in the world—for other folks at least, if they are not so for themselves; and we opine that they are that, too. Easy people never trouble themselves to put anything away, and of course they never know where anything is when they want it. They never take care of what they have, therefore they never have anything in useable order; they never trouble their heads with forethought or care, therefore they are always finding themselves in some sort of trouble or want, unless some friend takes thought for them. And this is the usual state of the case, for few persons are so desolate and friendless as to have no one with or near them who will not rather take a double portion of trouble and care than to see brother or sister, or any near relative, or dear friend, suffer loss, even from his own fault. Therefore, where there is in a family one of your easy people, somebody has to suffer. Just as much trouble and care must be taken by any given number of persons; and where one shirks there is always one who is overburdened. If there is one who will not keep his things in order, there is another who must do more than his share, or the house will be in constant confusion and disorder. Then the brother, or the sister, or the husband, or the wife, who is too easy to keep things in proper places, is said to be too easy to get furiously angry when said things are wanted and cannot be found. Then what a jumping there must be of all the family! The easy ones are the disquieting of half a dozen people! Ah! don't talk about your amiable, easy individuals. Give us the person who knows his own rights just as we (no better) as he does his neighbor's, and who will maintain them just as well; who is easy enough to take care of his own property, and to wish to have everybody else uneasy in like manner. It is no credit to any one to be "easy." We never hear a person described thus without a conviction that for that person, if the description is true, some long suffering

TIME.—Time takes the backbone out of a man, and the self-sufficiency with which we begin life leaves us as we advance into the deeper waters of existence. John Wesley said:—"When I was young, I was a slave of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

## Varieties.

**EATING TOO MUCH.**—How many people eat to make it even? All the butter is gone but the bread is not quite eaten, so another piece of butter is taken; but it was too much, and the bread has given out? How many a time has the reader eaten some remnant on his plate, not because he wanted it, but to prevent its being wasted? How often have you eaten as much as you wanted, and were about pushing back from the table, when very unexpectedly a new dish, or splendid-looking pudding, dumpling, or pie, is presented and you immediately "set to," and before you are done, have eaten almost as much in bulk as you had done before.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Smooth and cheerful of aspects are the familiarities of daily life, but who can mistake their roving glance for the steadfast, fearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship. There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman, who when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unconsciously and one whom the world neglected and who perchance deserved its neglect, said, for an answer, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented. We are joined together as by nails, which pierce while they unite, but which cannot be extracted without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

**PRIVATIONS OF THE WILDERNESS.**—According to the *Prætorian Pioneer*, the dwellers in that frontier region have a hard time getting married. A couple living at a settlement on the St. John, who had agreed to unite their fortunes, were obliged to make two journeys to Fort Kent and St. Francis, travelling in all over 60 miles, before they could get the knot tied! Four times, owing to the absence of the justice of the peace, and other untoward circumstances, they were obliged to return as they came, single and disappointed. Six months were thus consumed in fruitless efforts, but at last, on the fifth attempt, their well tried constancy and patience triumphed.

**AMERICAN HOMESTEAD LAWS.**—In nearly all the States there are homestead laws for the protection of small property owners from forced process. In Maine, Vermont, and Massachusetts a house and land valued at 500 dollars are exempt. In New York there is an exemption of 1,000 dollars. In South Carolina a dwelling and 50 acres of land are exempt, without reference to their value. Texas exempts 200 acres of land; Michigan, 40 acres; and the same in Iowa and Wisconsin. In Ohio there is an exemption of 50 dollars; in Indiana, 30 dollars; and in California a house and land not exceeding 500 acres are exempt. In Minnesota, 80 acres or a town lot not valued at over 1,000 dollars are exempt.

**THORNTONE GROVE AND GREENWOOD, O'ER HILLS AND BY HOLLOW.**

Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows, And sweetly thou smilest, or velvet thine eye, While floats the white moon upon the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn, I see thy light figure in bow and on lawn; By mountain and wood-land it dazes my vision, Like some brilliant shadow from regions Elysian.

Off has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold; Out have I upborne through Olympus's portals, Behold thee, as Hebe, among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height, Recalls thy name like the Spirit of Night: The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath, Are warm with the odor of life of thy breath.

And oft when, in stillness of midnight, my soul Is borne through the stars to its infinite goal, I long to meet thee, my beloved, on that shore, Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth sorrow; Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow; The sun shall be as ashes, the earth waste away, But Love shall be king in his glory for aye.

**NOTHING IS LOST.**—The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the seashore—the word you have spoken, will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt, till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes, and produce the same effect on a hundred, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighbourhood; it may spread like wild-fire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak—speak right—speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness, by words dropped among the young and old, is incalculable. It will not cease when your body lies in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider, as year after year passes away. So then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?

**FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**—It is not strange that men recoil from a plunge into the worlds cold waters, and long to creep back into the bath from which they have suddenly risen. But that man or woman, having fully passed into the estate of man and woman, should desire to become children again, it is impossible. It is only the half developed, the badly-developed, the imperfectly-nurtured, the mean-spirited, and the demoralized, who look back to the innocence, the helplessness, and the simple animal joy and content of childhood with genuine regret for their loss. I want no better evidence that a person's life is regarded by himself as a failure than that furnished by his honest willingness to be restored to his childhood. When a man is ready to relinquish the power of his mature reason, his strength and skill for self support, the independence of his will and life, his home companion and children, his interest in the stirring affairs of his time, his part in deciding the great questions which agitate Europe and nation, his intelligent apprehension of the relations which exist between himself and his Maker and his rational hope of immortality, if he have one—of the negative animal content and frivolous enjoyments of a child, he does not deserve the name of a man;—he is a weak, unhealthy, broken-down creature, or a base patron.







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